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THE SPHERE, DECEMBER 3, 1938
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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLV No. 2028 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC DECEMBER 3 1938

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Use Vapex as a protection against colds and 'flu. Office-workers, school-children, cinema-goers all need Vapex as a safeguard from germs, which are particularly rife in closed rooms, offices, etc.

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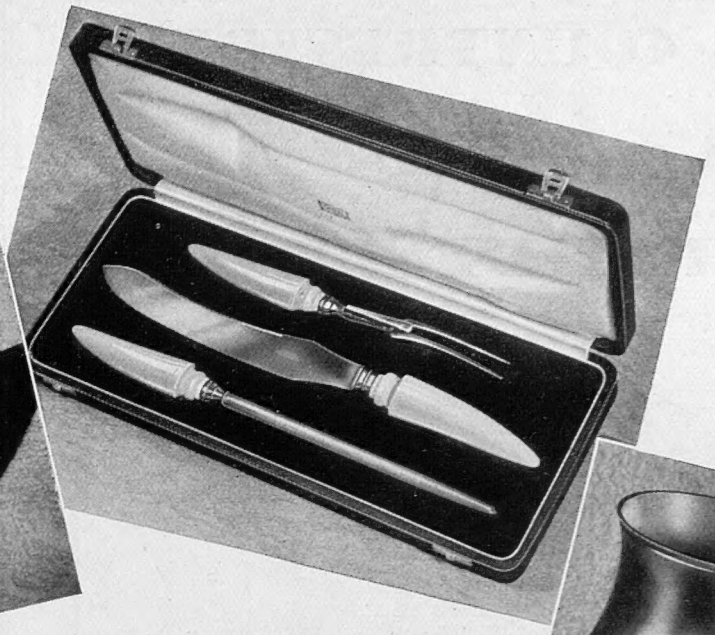

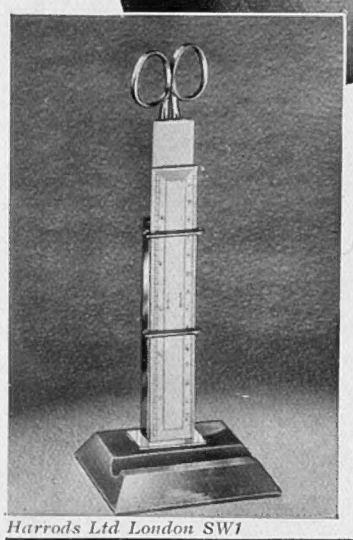

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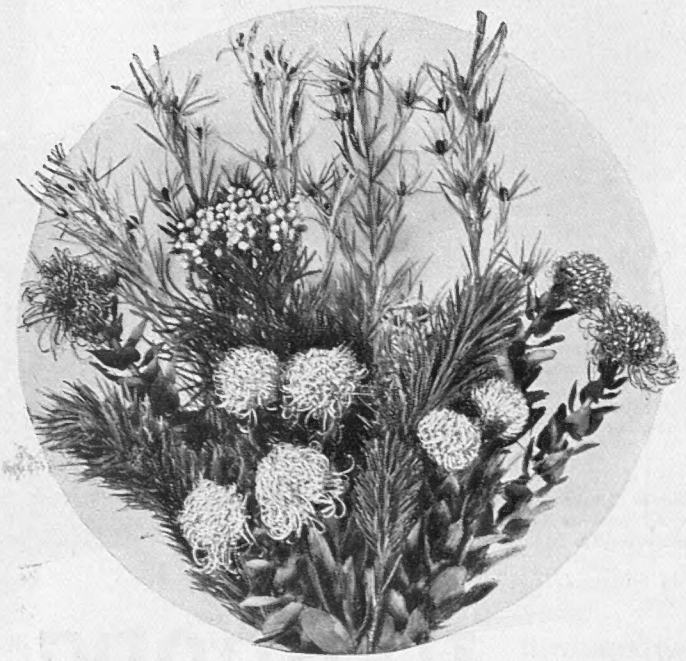
CAPE COUNTRYSIDE
is ablaze
WITH WILD FLOWERS

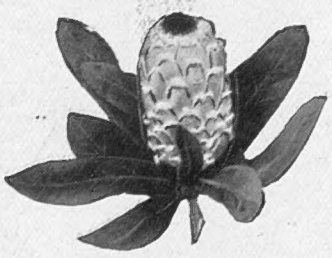


A selection of typical South African Wildflowers

THERE can be few more magnificent spectacles than the South African countryside when the wild flowers and shrubs are in bloom and the landscape is decked in a mantle of riotous colour. The orchards and vineyards are now laden with fruit and their sun-ripened crops add a new significance to the pleasures of the table.

A Bombshell
OF COLOUR

Visit South Africa and lay up a store of memories you will cherish throughout your life.



THE PROTEA—NATIONAL FLOWER OF SOUTH AFRICA

Consult your Travel Agent or the Travel Bureau, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2. Special steamer fares apply by certain sailings during Winter.

South Africa

Christmas comes in Boxes

by

IAN HAY

The famous soldier-author of "Housemaster," "The First Hundred Thousand" and "The Middle Watch" points the moral for all exasperated present-hunters.

Christmas conjures up before me a vision of people scurrying round the shops, darting from counter to counter, getting more and more grubby and exasperated. Being an essentially lazy man, only too anxious at all times to be thoroughly selfish, I solve my Christmas problem in a simple, inexpensive yet princely way. I order Havana cigars for all my most deserving friends. Now, when Christmas comes, I sit calmly back in a deep arm-chair, drawing quietly and with intense enjoyment at a rich Havana cigar, knowing that on Christmas day my friends will be indulging themselves in the same blissful way; knowing, too, that each time they light a fresh cigar, fresh blessings will be heaped on my head. But apart from the joy of giving—and the greater joy of receiving—a box of Havana cigars, a cigar smoked quietly after moments of emotion or strain, brings with it a sense of security and complete and utter calm.

Issued by the Cuban Government to further the smoking of

HAVANA CIGARS

Comision Nacional de Propaganda del Tabaco Habano

D.A. 538

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, December 3, 1938

LAST HOMAGE TO ATATURK

The Battle-cruiser "Yavuz" Ready to Leave Istanbul With the Remains of the First Turkish President Prior to the Funeral at Angora

The passing of Kemal Ataturk—the extraordinary personality who created from a disintegrated and well-nigh anarchist state a progressive and powerful republic—has evoked among Turkish citizens of all classes a feeling of irreparable personal loss. Following Ataturk's death in Istanbul, the flag-draped coffin was carried through streets thronged with mourners to Seraglio Point where, as a salute of 101 guns rent the air, it was transferred to the battle-cruiser *Yavuz*, formerly the famous German cruiser *Goeben*. Escorted by H.M. battleship *Malaya* and other vessels, the *Yavuz* crossed the Sea of Marmora to the naval base at Ismid, and there the body of the great leader was placed upon the Presidential train which took it to Angora—scene of the last rites. British, German, French, Bulgarian, Greek, and Iranian units all marched in the funeral procession, while perhaps the most impressive sight of all was the figure of Field-Marshal Lord Birdwood, war-time Commander in the Dardanelles, who, prevented by a leg injury from walking behind the coffin, stood silhouetted on the terrace of the Halk Evi and saluted with his baton as the gun-carriage went past bearing the remains of his former foe

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

ROYALTY WITH THE QUORN: The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester at the Barkby meet on Friday of last week when His Royal Highness rode to hounds for the first time this season. An excellent day's sport was enjoyed, a fast hunt in the morning being followed by another in the afternoon

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32-34 ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C.4
Wednesday, November 30, 1938.

THE DUKE OF WINDSOR.

— Twice recently "interest has been aroused" and tongues set wagging by visits paid to the Duke of Windsor in Paris by the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and by the Premier and Lord Halifax. There is nothing "significant" in these visits. The Duke saw the Princess Royal and Lord Harewood when they passed through Paris months ago. And it would be an odder thing, surely, if affectionate brothers and sisters did not meet and talk when they found themselves in the same town or hotel in a foreign land! And strange and discourteous, too, if Mr. Chamberlain had not taken a rare chance offered him to pay his respects. That indeed might provide better food for gossip-mongers. The meeting had no public significance. There was nothing to arrange. The public in England, no doubt at all, will soon see the Duke of Windsor again. It is natural that he will in the years ahead periodically visit this country though he is perfectly at home and happy in his present manner of life abroad. When he comes over, and that may well be in the next six months, he will of course first have obtained the consent of the Government, but that may be taken for granted, for there is no reason why he should not come. He himself has not the smallest desire to stay. The Throne is more firmly established to-day than ever it was and there is not one in a million (cranks included) who casts one longing, lingering look behind or desires to see any change in the superlative conduct of the monarchy by the present wearers of the crowns. The nation will be glad to see the Duke; it cherishes happy and vivid memories of his great qualities and charm, and remembers with gratitude his great services to the State in times past. He will always be sure of a warm welcome in England. But the best service the gossip-mongers can do to him and to the Throne and to the Empire (of which the Throne is the only connecting link) is to remember that the Duke thought, and still thinks, the Throne well lost; that he has not the smallest desire to change things, to live permanently in England or to alter his present manner of life. What's done, is done; and not one in a million wishes to turn back the leaves.

MR. SWING SAYS A MOUTHFUL.

—Raymond Gram Swing has long since endeared himself to me. I like his sense and fairness and his natural way of speaking about America and her problems. He is, *vis-à-vis* his country, an indulgent father speaking about a brilliant, incomprehensible daughter. I don't know to what extent he represents (a) Government, (b) American, (c) Anglophil-American opinion. I don't suppose he speaks with the semi-official inspiration which renders Signor Gayda's utterances so specially attractive to British ears. But even if Mr. Swing speaks only for a limited number of men of good sense and good will in America, what he said in his talk on November 19 was a mouthful and gave me great pleasure and let in some hope for the future. He pointed out, without stressing, the providential coincidence of the signing of the Trade Pact with America's expression of loathing of the Nazi pogroms. He said that after Munich the gulf between Britain and America for a moment definitely widened; that America saw before her in Europe two policies broadly sponsored by Britain and Germany. She might, if circumstances had been different, have drawn farther away from Britain and nearer to Germany. But the Nazi pogroms settled her doubts for ever. (Another *Lusitania*?) The new trade pact, aptly concluded on that wave of righteous fury against Nazi injustice, settled that question at least. Britain has her faults, God knows, and has made mistakes and will make more. But *her* ideals are America's, and henceforth though "mountains divide us and the waste of seas" the two great English-speaking democracies will grumble along together on converging lines until perhaps at last a real unity and mutual protection in times of peace and war are secured. We are not to expect rapid changes, an early reaffirmation of American foreign policy, a pact of mutual assistance in the event of war. The mountains are high and the waste of seas wide. But, in Mr. Swing's opinion, America has chosen Paul and rejected Apollos, and that is a prayer answered for all men of good will and vision who speak the English language. And in Mr. Swing's view (and mine) the visit of the King and Queen, which is one of personal contacts only and has no special politico-economic undercurrents, is going to dot the i's and cross the t's of that big and overwhelmingly important American reaction. Therefore, if Mr. Swing voiced the opinions of even a tithe of his countrymen, we may feel that we made up on the Swing much that we lost on our recent roundabouts.

A COCK-EYED WORLD.

—It is indeed a cock-eyed world. Nature has followed man and the seasons are as jumbled as European politics. The late summer in November produced extraordinary results all over the country. (Nearly 10 ins. of rain have fallen in October and November.) A neighbour of mine gathered in his garden eighty-five varieties of summer flowers. Azaleas were swelling to bursting point. Jays were noted nesting and thrushes also. Thrushes were singing as in February. Butterflies fluttered by. The soil was as warm as in early August and bulbs planted one week showed through the earth the next. But before the month was quite out, we had more normal conditions. A November gale of extraordinary force—even Pembrokeshire coast dwellers could hardly parallel the appalling velocity of one or two of the gusts—blew away the last of the leaves and undid a month's work of tidying up and brought cooler conditions with salutary night frosts. That gale delayed Queen Maud's last journey and gave Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Halifax a very rough passage to France. So unpleasant indeed was the crossing that it is not unlikely that the Channel tunnel fans will find the moment opportune to put their case forward again. The Premier should be found in sympathetic mood. There is reason to believe he had a smoother passage when he negotiated the tides in tempestuous Paris, where the oil-bag is so badly needed.

SCARES AND RUMOURS.

— It is disagreeable to observe how many of those unpleasant features of war time — fantastic rumours, spy scares, and so forth —are abroad in the land. They are serious handicaps, not only to appeasement but to Christmas trade. For confidence and faith are economic and political essentials to-day. The latest is spy-mania. "Hundreds of Britons are working in England as spies for Hitler and Mussolini. Many of them are in Society." That was a scare headline which might have been culled from the files of newspapers of the winter of 1914 – 15. These "Mayfair spies" get to know everything and flash their information to the dictators. They knew that Mr. Eden would go out of office seven days before Mr. Eden was himself aware of that fact. It appears that Hitler bases his policy *vis-à-vis* Britain on reports of conversations at "Society" dinner-parties in London. It certainly seems true that he attaches an exaggerated importance to uninformed talk from London and England, but this suggestion of

"WHEN I HAVE SUNG MY SONGS TO YOU I SHALL SING NO MORE": Count John McCormack, the golden-voiced Irish-American tenor, giving his farewell performance at the Albert Hall last Sunday when he was cheered to the echo by a capacity audience. Count McCormack is only fifty-four years of age, but it was more than thirty years ago that he first appeared on this platform

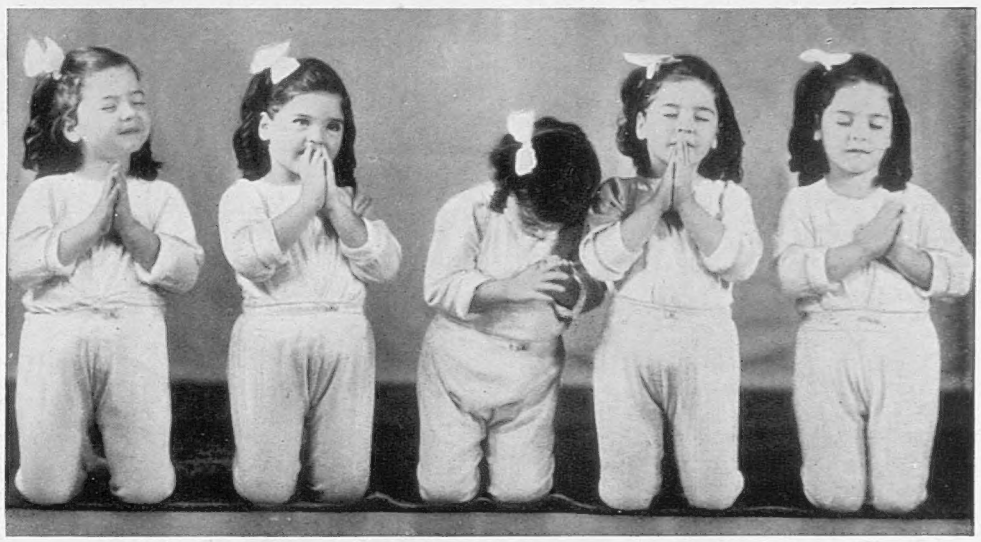
A STUDY IN WRAPT ATTENTION: Members of the Albert Hall audience listening to Count McCormack at his farewell concert. His performance was so brilliant that, even though he may have closed his account with the Albert Hall, it is to be hoped that in more intimate circles the last has still not been heard of him

LONDON'S YOUTHFUL TALENT ON PARADE: Young competitors pictured outside the Conway Hall as they arrived to take part in the under-nine section in the finals of the Musical Comedy and Singing Competition which was staged in aid of the Sunshine Homes for the Blind

the shoddiness of his diplomacy may surely be treated with ridicule! I observe, too, from my American Press cuttings that "the Cliveden set" mare's-nest, which was picked to pieces over here, still flaunts in the tree-tops in America. An English journalist seems to have convinced some audiences in the States that "emissaries" from Cliveden are for ever flying over to Berchtesgaden to compose impious pacts between Britain and Nazi Germany. This and such like war-time scares underline the delphic nature of that half-sheet of paper to which the Premier attaches so much importance and so little assurance.

EVACUATION — THE VOICE OF REASON.—

There seems to be some hope that the voice of reason may yet be heard when advantage is taken of this godsent opportunity to put A.R.P. on a workable basis. The whole basis of nursing and Red Cross schemes and of women's organisations' assistance in war time is shattered if no housewife in the country can count herself free to volunteer for nursing or other duties. The panic evacuation scheme proclaimed the blind ignorance of Whitehall concerning rural conditions. Whitehall assumed that, thanks to its beneficent and forward policy with electricity, public works, and social services, the lesser country homes throughout England "run themselves." Staffed with good-natured, efficient English maids, linked up with the blessings of cheap electricity, boundless supplies of pure water, and all the latest devices of science in sanitation and communications, the housewife has nothing to do but polish her nails and in time of emergency can easily take on war work and leave the management of refugee children to her efficient staff. When Sir Samuel Hoare, in his apologia, dismissed the whole of this objection by reference to a few letters he had received from householders concerning "dirty slum children," he was not only grossly unjust to the country dweller, but he clearly revealed how utterly blind his department is to rural conditions. Still to-day, the average housewife has a life's work (and a very arduous) to keep a home going. Half England, geographically, is without public service of light and water; half England is dependent on foreign supplies of domestic servants, speaking no English and bound to become suspect and undependable in war time. No housewife or master of a house so situated can honestly volunteer for war service if at the same time he is expected to provide in war time for the reception of refugees. They have not the smallest idea how to provide in such circumstances for feeding and keeping a roof over their own children. Providing light and pumping up water implies the presence of an adult male — for even modern engines require strength to start up. And children abandoned all day long in an empty house are not likely to thrive or avoid accidents. It is a pity that Whitehall does not examine conditions in rural England. When one reads the glorifications, annually published by the Government departments, of advances in social services, one sets the fool's cap on the heads of those responsible for the bunkum and boost broadcast. Every man and woman so situated to-day in rural areas is a volunteer only on paper. When the moment of danger arrives he and she must stay at home or their roof falls in in a week. It is abundantly clear that the homes of such householders, trained in and volunteering for A.R.P. and nursing services, must be exempted from the reception of refugees.



THEIR PRAYER OF THANKS: This picture of the famous Quins was posed in their home at Callander, Ontario, following their recovery from the operations performed on them by Dr. E. S. Wishart, the noted Toronto surgeon. They had their tonsils and adenoids removed as it was feared that their general health might be impaired. The Quins will shortly be celebrating their fifth birthday

MASSED BRAIN-POWER: Looking along one of the lines of competitors during the inter-county chess match held at St. Bride's Institute, London, when Kent met Middlesex. The contest took place above the swimming bath, which was covered over for the occasion. The players ranged in age from striplings in their teens to septuagenarians

"QUI S'EXCUSE . . ."—

The Times the other day in a "light article only" on Peter Wimsey's reversion to commercial type succeeded in drawing Miss Dorothy Sayers. She replied very seriously to the leg-pull. The accusation was that this gifted authoress had sold her talents to commerce by accepting a nice fee for writing-up some article on sale to the public. In a reasoned defence she replied that, exceptionally, she *had* swallowed the bait in order to finance her play and that her original "copy" had been much more artistic and genteel before the commercial employer doctored and rewrote it. I felt she had done wiser to keep silence. I imagined that she writes all her immortal works for money and that her great contemporaries (like Sir Hugh Walpole) do the same, and it does not seem to me to signify much whether she writes for money about murder or muslins, clues or cigarettes. She writes, like any other dealer in "light articles," to amuse the public for an hour, and I should be surprised if she took a more serious view of her "mission." When I hear that Mr. Trevelyan or Mr. H. A. L. Fisher are boosting buttons or braces, I may take a different view. But our novelists and sleuth-recorders who turn out a novel or two a year can with all my good will turn an honest penny any way they please. If the draper pays higher than the publisher, that does not surprise me nor shock me.

A THIRTY-HOUR WEEK.—

Bedlam is not completely Bedlam so long as little spots of sanity continue to pass across the screen. We occasionally read in the press still little half-hidden paragraphs dealing with *the things that matter*. There was that Penal Reform Bill and now the proposal to kill timeless Test matches. The Advisory County Cricket Committee last week passed a resolution, which Australia may possibly accept and the M.C.C. will adopt, that in future in both countries Test matches should be limited to 30 hours of play, spread over five days in England and over six days in Australia. If accepted, the Huttons of the future will have to hit out after making their second centuries, for their captains will be eyeing the clock; though it is fair to say that Hutton's 364 was made in a match won by England in four (long) days' play. Financially Test cricket shows no need of revision of rules of play. There was a net divide of over £40,000 from the late Tests. But the long view must have regard to modern conditions of life and the temperaments of the rising generation. A thirty-hour week seems to me too long for those who play, as in the present pass in the democracies a forty-hour week seems too short for those who work.

LORD ERNLE'S MEMORIES.

—The late Lord Ernle was one of the most charming, versatile, wise, sound, cultured and knowledgeable of men. I owe him a debt of gratitude and I am glad to have known him even for so brief a time as I did. Those who knew him longer must have found all their memories of him revived by reading his quite delightful, clumsily-named memoirs: *Whippingham to Westminster*. They contain the philosophy of a quiet mind, the sanity and decency of an unselfseeking patriot, the harvest of a keen intelligence and the wisdom of a wise and observant man. His career was varied but for all his versatility and divagations, every stage in it was a logical outcome of what preceded it. He was the son of the parson at Whippingham, the parish of Osborne. He did very well at Oxford and became a Fellow of All Souls. He was called to the Bar. He began to practise, only to switch off for very good reasons to literature and journalism. He found his form as a writer of serious literary articles and became editor of the *Quarterly*. Then he began to produce some notable books, including the editing of Byron's letters and diary fragments. Then the Duke of Bedford called him to take supreme charge over all his estates in London and Bedfordshire. It was here he acquired his sound knowledge of agriculture. The agency led him into local politics and finally to Westminster as Member for his university. Then Mr. Lloyd George spotted him and made him his Minister of Agriculture, his principal charge being to organise the great drive to increase home-grown supplies of foodstuffs. He succeeded. In his last years he was very much an elder statesman, repository of many secrets, adviser on all subjects to many. He lived a serene old age and these charming memoirs are the harvest of his experience and philosophy.

SAY IT WITH ROSES.—

The Maginot Line is to be "planted out" with roses. And I hope we shall follow suit with our trenches at South Kensington and in the parks and elsewhere. The decision is indeed a symbol, an ideal which in the past bitter months we had done well to follow—to speak peace while we forge the sword of defence. Up to now we have spoken swords and played at defence. The French at least were serious about their Maginot Line. They went at it on dictator lines and the roses won't spoil its efficiency.

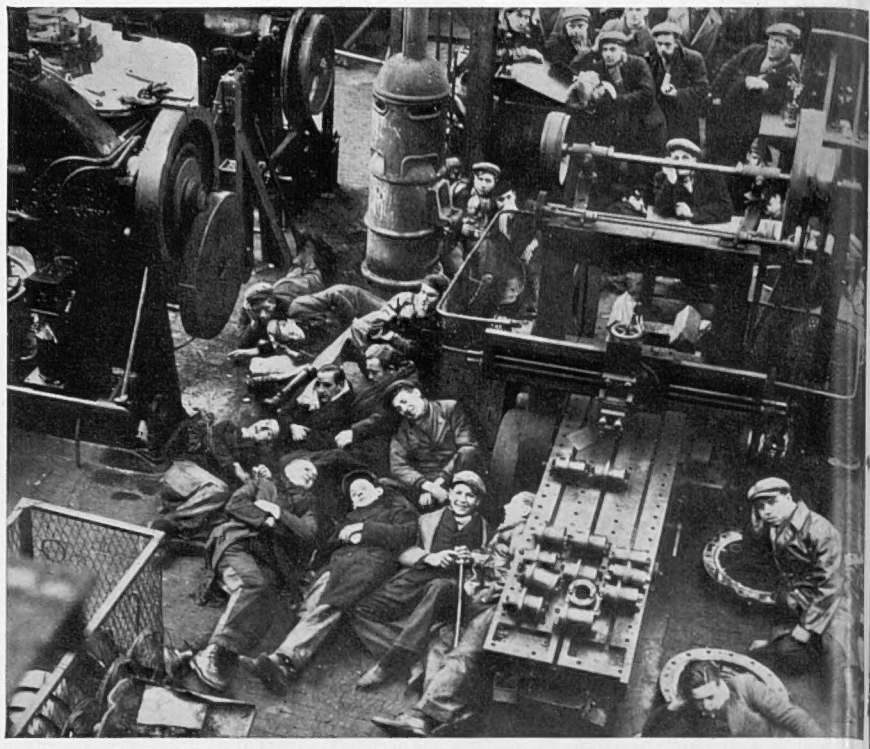
THE OLD STAGER

LONDON AND DUBLIN

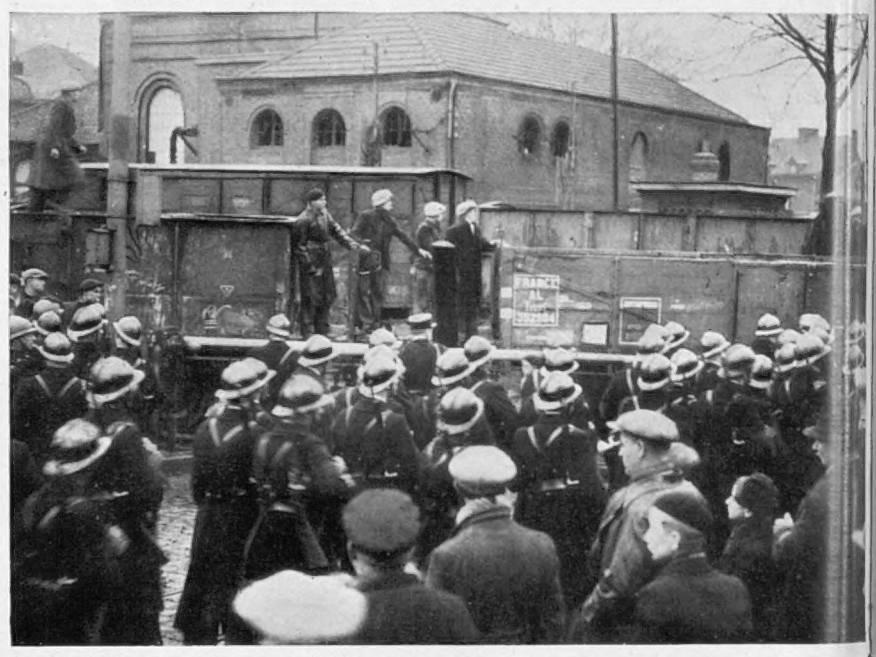
AS AN ARMY BAND PLAYED THE ITALIAN NATIONAL ANTHEM His Excellency Dr. Vincenzo Berardis, the newly-appointed Italian Minister to Eire, gave the Fascist salute on emerging with his colleagues from historic St. Patrick's Hall, Dublin Castle, where he had presented his credentials to the chief executive

TSARIST TREASURES IN THE SALE ROOM: This is part of the collection of insignia of the Orders of Knighthood conferred on the late Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch of Russia, brother of Tsar Nicholas II, which is to be auctioned at Sotheby's on December 15. The most important Order catalogued is that of the Garter with badge, collar, the Greater George, the Lesser George, and the star, while the collection also includes the insignia of the Order of the Bath

FRENCH LABOUR RAMP



AMID STILLED MACHINERY stay-in strikers take their ease in a steel works at Valenciennes, northern France, after they had occupied the premises as a protest against the overtime clauses in the stringent financial decrees drawn up by Premier Daladier and Finance Minister Reynaud with the object of securing French economic rehabilitation



IMPENDING CLASH: This picture was taken at Denain, busy coal-mining town of the Nord Department, as a force of Gardes Mobiles prepared to deal with strikers, a few of whom can be seen in the background manning freight cars which they succeeded in locking right across the points, thus paralysing all goods traffic through the station

HE PREPARED FOR ZERO HOUR: M. Berthoin, Secretary-General of the French Ministry of the Interior, who at the beginning of this week was entrusted by M. Daladier with the task of co-ordinating Government measures to ensure that vital services would be continued during the 24-hour general strike which in accordance with trade union arrangements took place throughout France on Wednesday

AFTER BATTLE: Arrested strikers waiting police station at Billancourt where the battle with the police for possession Altogether 282 Renault employees were appeared before the magistrates many were given time to prepare their defence to summary trial and were given sen from a fine of 25 francs and ten days of 50 francs (about 5s. 9d.) and two

ANT:

The Workers of Paris and the Industrial North Strike in Protest Against the Reynaud Decree Laws

THE MODERN KNOBKERRIE: These engine parts were used as weapons by the stay-in strikers at the Renault motor works, Paris, when they fought a pitched battle last week with the police, who had to employ tear gas before they succeeded in clearing the place

METAL WORKERS MARCHING THROUGH THE STREETS OF ANZIN, near Valenciennes, after they had been driven by the police from the Escaut et Meuse factory, where they had staged a stay-in strike to mark their objection to working more than a forty-hour week

to be examined in the were taken following a of the Renault works. arrested. When they of them asked for and Others agreed to submit tences varying in severity imprisonment to a fine months' imprisonment

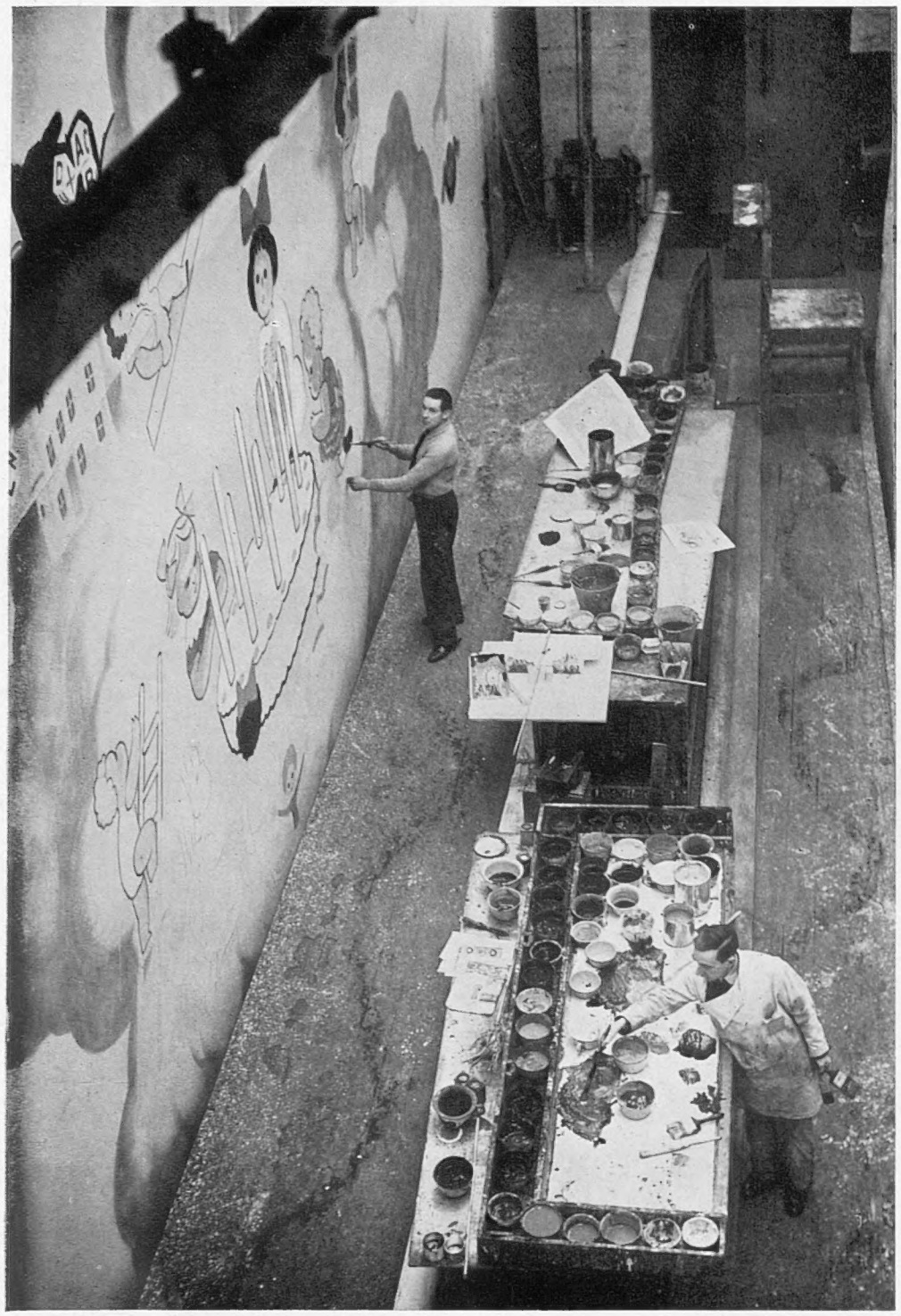
"ON OUR ACTS DEPEND THE LIBERTY AND LIFE OF OUR COUNTRY," declared M. Jouhaux, Secretary-General of the French General Confederation of Labour, as he addressed a meeting staged in the Paris Palais des Sports and denounced as quite unacceptable the Daladier-Reynaud national recovery decrees. "We will not have decree laws replacing social legislation voted by Parliament," he concluded

STILL THEY COME:

Britain's Influx of Refugees from Troubled Middle Europe

SEEKING A HAVEN: Members of the party of about 100 refugees—former citizens of Sudetenland—lining up to see the immigration officer on arrival at the Port of London a few days ago. The party mainly consisted of women and children whose menfolk had already come to this country, and a British committee has been responsible for organising their entry. Their stay is limited to three months, after which it is hoped that it will be possible to arrange for their settlement in the Empire. Among the company were the wife and family of the former burgomaster of Bodenbach

A CHANCE TO BEGIN AGAIN: German refugees going to the milking sheds for a lesson in milking at Flint Hall Farm, Hambleden, near Henley-on-Thames, where the Society of Friends is now engaged in training men for work on the land with the object of settling them in the Empire, provided, of course, the Government consents and the necessary sums can be raised. The Society of Friends (better known as the Quakers) is playing a very big part in helping refugees from Middle Europe, this being very much in conformity with their views on war and their antecedents as colonisers

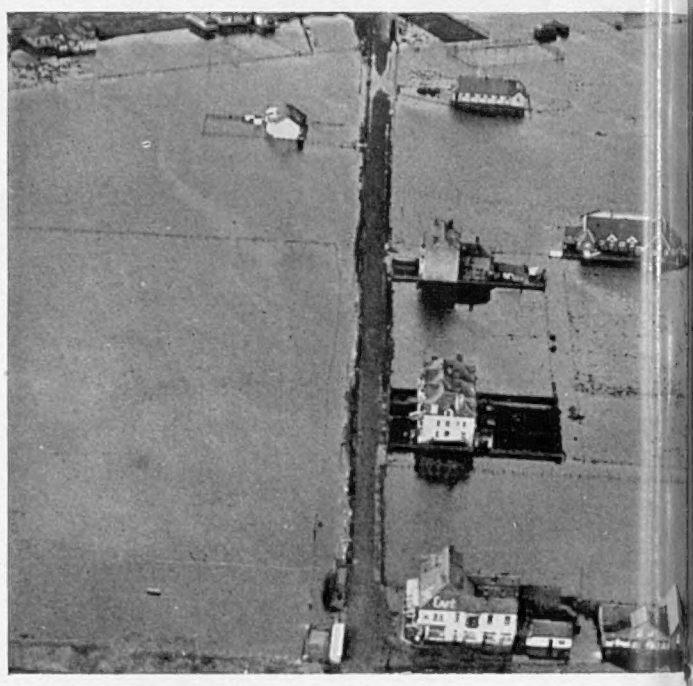


ART THAT OFFERS PLENTY OF SCOPE: Scenic artists dwarfed by one of the huge back-drops on which they are at present working at Drury Lane Theatre, where scenery is being completed in readiness for the elaborate Christmas pantomime production, *Babes in the Wood*. This particular canvas measures approximately 50 ft. wide by 40 ft. high, being rather larger than the proscenium opening

FLOODS IN SURREY,

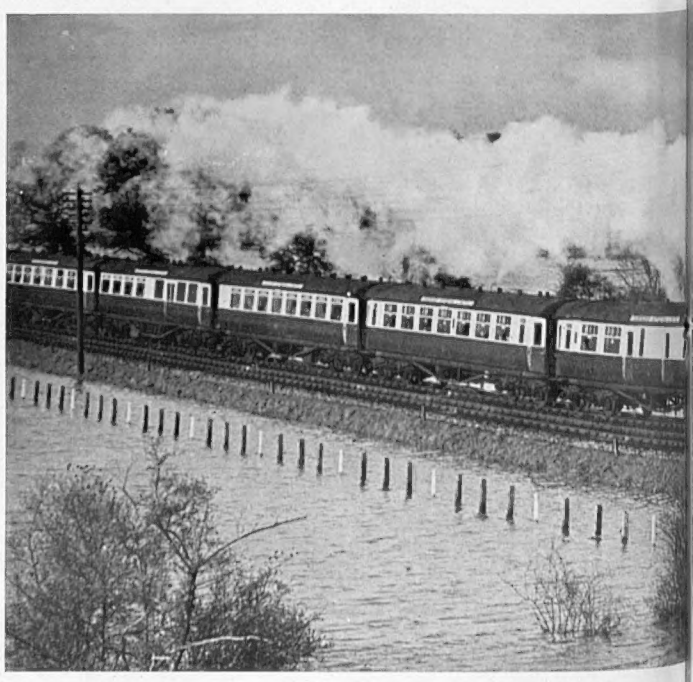
Motorists Held Up Outside London—Low-Lying Fields Inun

SNAIL'S PACE ON THE KINGSTON BY-PASS: A horseman making his way along the inundated highway while traffic crawls along the narrow space left available. A picture taken after the



HOUSEHOLDERS MAROONED IN NORTH WALES: An aerial impression of the flooded fields at Barmouth after last week's severe storm in which great tracts of land in Merionethshire were inundated by the waters. Farther down the coast at Aberystwyth the steel-reinforced dam, built at a cost of £21,000 along part of the promenade after the storms earlier this year, was broken by the heavy seas

FATAL R.A.F. CRASH: Searching among the twisted wreckage of the ill-fated machine of No. 63 (Bomber) Squadron after it had met with disaster in a heavy storm at Plain's Wood, East Tisted, near Alton, Hants. Pilot-Officer J. Ellis, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, was killed, while his two companions, Corporal A. R. J. Thorogood and Aircraftsman Victor Rawlings, were injured and taken to Alton Hospital



SPEEDING SECURE ABOVE THE FLOOD: The Cornish Riviera Express passing along the embankment above inundated fields in the vicinity of

DEVON, AND WALES

dated in the West Country—Houses Isolated at Barmouth

torrential downpour on Friday of last week. Some cars came upon the floods unawares and were brought to a halt with water-logged engines. It was hours before travellers were on their way again

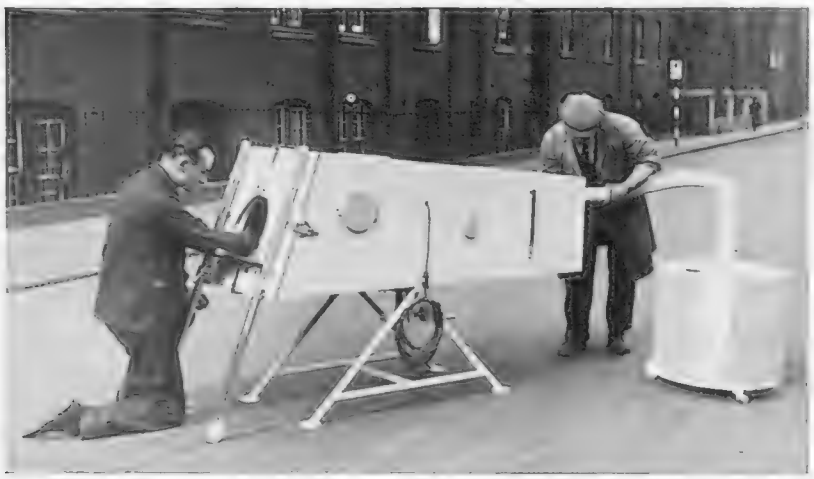
and workmen building new defences behind the dam had to run for their lives. Sixty schoolchildren and other passengers from Criccieth to Portmadoc on a train had a narrow escape. Just after the train had passed over a bridge near the Black Rock Halt, Criccieth, the bridge and about sixty yards of the permanent way were swept away by the sea. In some parts of North Wales the wind velocity reached 109 m.p.h.

Exeter, another part of the country where gales of great force and torrential rains did much damage towards the end of last week

NEW LIFE FOR TELFORD'S MASTERPIECE: Men at work on the chains of the Menai suspension bridge, that vital link between Anglesey and the Welsh mainland, which is now being remodelled in order to make it safe for traffic. It is estimated that the job will cost £250,000 and, during the thirty months it takes to complete, vehicles will continue to use the carriage-way. The bridge was opened in 1826

A WELSH LANDOWNER'S GESTURE: Some of the cottages at Mynydd Llandegai, the village near Bangor, Caernarvonshire, which is entirely owned by Lord Penrhyn and is to be sold. All the tenants, many of whom work in Lord Penrhyn's quarries, are being given the opportunity of buying their homes at reasonable prices. Those cottages that are not bought in this way will be auctioned

THANKSGIVING DAY IN PARIS: The Duke and Duchess of Windsor leaving the American Church after attending the special service to mark America's great national holiday. The Duke and Duchess are to spend Christmas on the Riviera, where they will be having Lord and Lady Brownlow as their guests



A GREAT GIFT TO THE EMPIRE: This is the Both respirator—an apparatus of the "iron lung" type—which Lord Nuffield is to manufacture in large numbers at Cowley, Oxfordshire, and is to present to all hospitals in the British Empire having need of them. As at least 5,000 respirators will probably be required and as they cost in the neighbourhood of £100 apiece, the gift represents about £500,000

THE RAILWAYS ASK FOR A SQUARE DEAL: This banner was displayed at Waterloo station the other day to draw attention to the plea of the four big companies that they should be freed from statutory regulations so that they may compete on more equal terms with road hauliers. *Below*—Mr. Leslie Burgin (centre), the Minister of Transport, with the railway chiefs who visited him in a deputation and discussed with him the increasingly serious position of the companies. Lord Stamp represented the L.M.S., Mr. R. Holland Martin represented the Southern, Sir Ronald Matthews represented the L.N.E.R. and Lord Palmer the G.W.R.

FRANCE IN HER TESTING DAYS

Labour Up in Arms at the Reynaud Decrees Planned to Save the Country from Economic Collapse : The Daladier Government's Grave Warning Goes Unheeded

THE Third Republic, this week in the throes of a bitter dispute between the Government and the workers, has seldom passed through a more troubled era or been involved in a struggle more difficult of permanent solution.

"How," asks the Government, "can we hope to carry on our re-armament programme and our programme of economic rehabilitation with labour unwilling to work overtime?"

"How," ask the workers, "can we be expected to forfeit the privileges so hardly won under the Blum Government?"

No time could be less propitious for such a deadlock, and it is not surprising to learn from Berlin that "France's difficulties are being carefully watched in Germany." Of course they are. Any events that tend to discredit democracy must be as meat and wine to observers in a Totalitarian state, just as they are distressing to democracy's friends.

The cause of the strikes, which started sporadically last week and came to a head on Wednesday of this week, when the Government kept the upper hand, is directly attributable to the decree laws issued by Finance Minister Reynaud on November 13. To these the trade unions took immediate exception, contending that they penalised the workers while demanding no real sacrifices from the well-to-do. Briefly, the offending clauses were as follows :—

Modification of the 40-hour week; 2 per cent. levy on all wages and salaries without a minimum figure; increases in direct taxation totalling £24,000,000; rises in indirect taxation amounting to £25,000,000; dismissal of 40,000 railway workers under a rationalisation scheme; abandonment of practically the entire public works programme. Increase in bus and underground fares.

Such a set of decrees could hardly fail to upset the trade unions, but it was felt by M. Daladier and M. Reynaud that their appeals to the people would not be in vain and that, with the shadow of war ever looming and national finances in a hopeless state, all would realise that the Government had no alternative but to adopt a drastic course.

"We were going like blind men towards the abyss," M. Reynaud declared in a broadcast after the publication of the decrees. "If we had not acted there would have been a vertical fall of the franc. In a few months the £ would have been at 250 francs. A few days later it would have been at 500 francs, for the progression towards the catastrophe would have been geometrical. It would have meant total ruin for the creditors of the State and private individuals, misery for the workers, the employees, the Civil Servants and the railwaymen. The buying power of all these Frenchmen would have diminished from day to day." After recalling the collapse of the German mark, M. Reynaud continued: "The agony of the Weimar Republic dates from then. That is the economic and financial decomposition which threatened our own republic."

Perhaps the best analysis of the decrees that has so far appeared was that in a recent issue of *The Engineer*, whose Paris correspondent made the following comments :—"The decrees providing means for increasing production by extending working hours, releasing capital for industrial investments and encouraging private enterprise, were also concerned with drastic cuts in expenditure for the immediate requirements of a balanced Budget. Among these cuts are 2,500 to 3,000 million francs for public works in the coming year. It is explained that the carrying out of public works for relief purposes is a hindrance to the policy now initiated of industrial development and the freer utilisation of capital, for experience, it is said, has shown that for 10,000 million francs spent by the State on relief work something like 20,000 to 30,000 million francs' worth of private undertakings are held up by the abnormal interest on capital and the high cost of materials.

"Apart from any such consideration, the State is unable to provide money so long as the national economy will not allow of the country meeting its heavily increased liabilities. The works that were started under the Marquet programme some years ago will be continued at a much slower rate, but the fate of others is uncertain when, in principle, the policy of relief works is abandoned in favour of the three-year plan, which is expected to avoid the necessity for carrying out such works. Progress on all big undertakings for the absorption of unemployed workers has been hampered by procrastinated State payments, which have now to be diverted to necessary and urgent armaments.

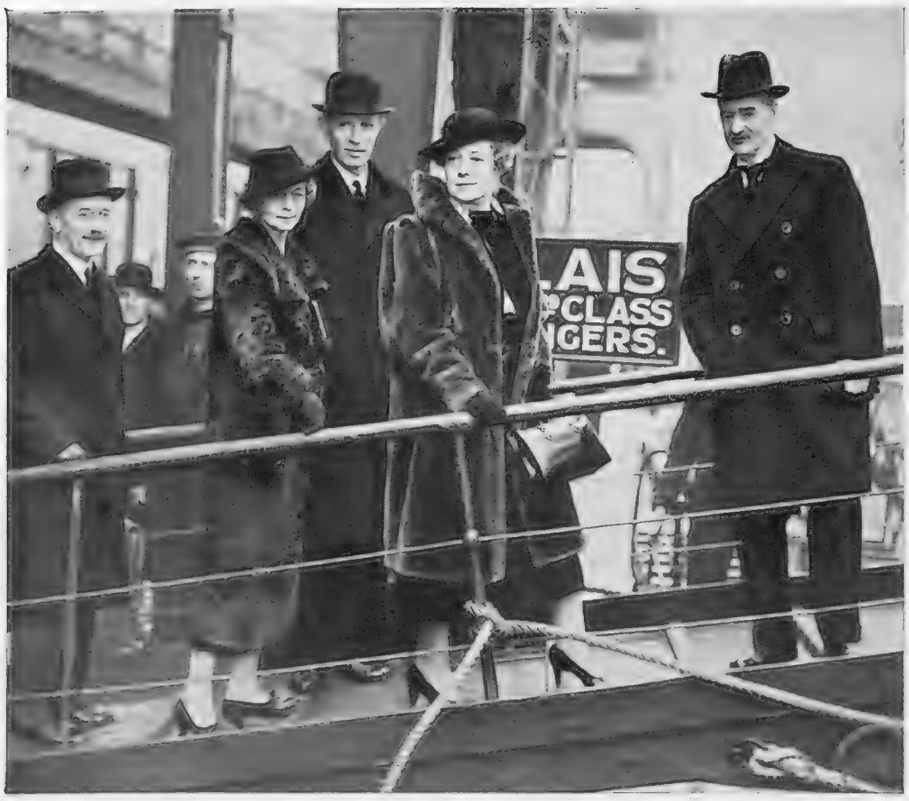
"An example of the present state of affairs is provided by the motor road under construction to the west of Paris, where 1,800 men were employed at the beginning of the year and where only twenty-four are now at work.

"Other economies include the postponement of the plan for reconstructing the merchant fleet until the financial situation sufficiently improves. The 6,000 million francs deficit of the National Railway Company during the present year will have to be made good by further economies, one of which is the withdrawal of nearly 100,000 men who were taken on when the 40-hour week was imposed, with the result that there was a partial depletion of labour in rural areas. This has raised a serious problem of what to do with them, unless they can be induced to return to their former occupations in which they are badly needed. It hardly seems possible to avoid some increase in unemployment through economy cuts during the transition period of the three-year plan, the success of which depends upon a display of general discipline among all classes.

"While the six-day week of 48 hours has begun to take effect in many occupations where, for the moment, the extension over the 40 hours is limited to five, it is uncertain what will happen in the metallurgical and engineering trades that are not engaged on armament work. Many of them work less than 40 hours, so that some leeway will have to be made up in business activity before there can be a general extension of hours. The tolerance allowed employers to work 48 hours, and even more in very exceptional cases, is intended to enable production to keep pace with the increasingly active buying that is expected to follow upon the measures taken to promote economic recovery. Unless manufacturers are able to deal with the business offered them there will, it is declared, be a lack of confidence all round that will make such a recovery impossible. Some labour organisations have declared their readiness to accept a 45-hour week if fully justified by the amount of work to be done, and the reservation seeks to maintain the principle of the 40 hours and to spread the additional hours over five days. Resistance to the decrees is strong among the Socialists and the C.G.T. National opinion, however, sees no safe alternative to the decrees."

THE PREMIER'S STORMY PASSAGE

Mr. Chamberlain Has a Rough Channel Crossing On His Way to Paris for the Political Talks: An Enthusiastic Reception in France



"I HOPE IT WON'T BE A ROUGH CROSSING," said Mr. Chamberlain as he left London for Paris on Wednesday of last week, but all hope was dispelled when he arrived at Dover and, as depicted here, boarded the S.S. *Canterbury* in company with Foreign Secretary Lord Halifax, Mrs. Chamberlain and Lady Halifax. It turned out, indeed, to be the worst Channel crossing of the year to date

BRAVING THE ROLLING DECK: Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Halifax clinging to supports as they crossed the Channel in the S.S. *Canterbury*. So heavily did the ship roll that the two ministers were hard put to it to keep their feet

AFTER A HECTIC HOUR ON THE GALE-LASHED SEAS Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain landed unruffled at Calais. Some idea of the nature of the crossing is provided by the picture *on the right* showing the S.S. *Canterbury* with her bows awash. The wind velocity was estimated at over 80 m.p.h. and many ships were delayed. The *Queen Mary* had to anchor off Ryde because it was unsafe to dock, while the *Royal Oak*, bearing the remains of the Queen of Norway, did not leave port

"WILL IT DO IN ENGLISH?" asked Mr. Chamberlain as, with M. Daladier standing beside him, he spoke a few words into the microphone on arrival at the Gare du Nord for his three-day visit to Paris, during the course of which he discussed with French statesmen all the more vital issues in the realm of foreign affairs. They talked in particular of the possibility of finding a haven for German-Jewish refugees. The first important function of the official visit was a dinner given at the Quai d'Orsay by Foreign Minister Bonnet

"VIVE M. CHAMBERLAIN ET SON PARAPLUIE," shouted Paris wits as the Prime Minister arrived at the Gare du Nord. M. Daladier can be seen with Mr. Chamberlain, while in the background are Mrs. Chamberlain and Lord and Lady Halifax. The visitors were received with much enthusiasm, but a discordant note was struck by a party of youths who booed vigorously until dealt with by the police

THE SKYSCRAPERS AND MAN-MADE CANYONS OF NEW YORK are not the real America, indicates D. J. Hall in this article in which he takes us west among the simple, outspoken, hospitable ranchers for whose character he has high regard

THE REAL "MAIN STREET"

A Briton Looks at America and Finds in the Incalculable Middle West, so Frequently Cruelly Maligned, a Fund of Good-Heartedness and Intelligence

By D. J. HALL

"AH guess the ole-timers in their covered waggons had plenty o' space: people ain't got used to the roads yet," said the old Illinois farmer. We were talking of the toll of motor accidents, and his gift of under-statement was typical of American country people's quiet humour. But the comment goes deep, explaining a host of things about which whole books of facile generalisations have been written. You do not have to leave beaten tracks nor look far to find that, however significant you may think the veneer of uniformity, there is far greater significance in the underlying diversity. So it may be that generalisation is just a cloak for bewilderment.

The first time I went to America I thought I knew a great deal, the second time I was not so sure, and so on until now, having just returned from a long visit, I wonder if I know a hundredth part of it, or if I were to live to be a hundred I should know a tithe. The more one sees and thinks of it, the more inexhaustible and fascinating it becomes.

At what point then is one to start to describe one's latest impressions—with politics, manners, social development, economics or what else? They are all manifestations of one thing which is fundamental to the country's present desire to evolve out of this heterogeneous people a country founded on ideals of security and happiness for the greatest number, and that without losing the smallest fraction of personal freedom. The desire is fundamental, the state of jitters which a stranger senses is the expression of millions who feel uncertain, who long for the ideal, are determined to attain it, and are bemused in their struggle by the conflicting methods presented.

Dictators point to this state of mind as the weakness of democracy. It is actually an early stage of true democracy. It is easier for people to be made to combine for the acquisition of something they lack than for the preservation of what they already possess. We ourselves are faced with this same problem. America has always been free, and intends to remain so. The tradition of the pioneer, of every man for himself, is still a potent factor. The people have yet to learn that if they agree to wise laws protecting the individual, then the individual owes something to the State making them.

America has always been a land of great opportunity. Now, when the people look around and find things not so easy they feel that somehow they have been fooled. But all the time that vitality which inspired their forebears is seeking an outlet. You see it in the thousands of young men and women who every year work their way through college; you see it, less socially useful, in the way people move on from place to place, trying their luck in one town, then packing up and moving to another like prospectors. The lowest expression of that vitality is lawlessness, the prototype for which was the bad man of the west.

America is high, wide, and handsome—and terribly wasteful. She is fortunate in having such vitality and material resources, and her people such healthy self-criticism.

It was by strange chance that I met the shrewd old farmer. After about two months in and around New York, I had set out by car for New Mexico. I had spent some while on Long Island in a village which was one of the earliest English settlements in America, and the Old Country was something near to the villagers for all the distance in time and space. But it was not only there that I was impressed by the widespread growth of interest, even in the last two years, in England.

AMERICA'S HIGHWAYS PUT GERMANY'S AUTOBAHNEN IN THE SHADE, says D. J. Hall. These two roads are built above the water. That on the left leads out of Schenectady, that on the right links Florida's keys

Wherever I went, and I saw something of 22 States, people of every kind, and in the most obscure places, wanted to know how we did this and what we thought of that. It made me only too conscious of our own apathetic attitude towards America. I had the warm feeling that they knew that, for all the difference in our two countries, we had more in common than any other people, and that, somehow, if we could only get together and understand one another, we would be able to do something constructive in a world which was threatening to fall about our ears. No amount of isolationist, vote-catching politicians will persuade me that that impression was wrong.

We left New York by way of the Pulaski Skyway, that marvellous viaduct which carries you for miles above the roofs of Newark. And then, so fast was the road that in an hour or so we were out of New Jersey and driving through the wooded hills of Pennsylvania, past fields of tobacco to wide dairy-farming country. In the days following we crossed the Field of Gettysburg and drove through 200 miles of the northern Appallachians in West Virginia. Towns, even the largest, are still only dots on the map of that vast continent; once you have left them, you see how sparse is the population. Within a day's journey of New York there are men living in much the same way as the old settlers.

Across the Ohio, and we started on the long journey through the middle west. Time and distance are lost; for some 1,200 miles you drive a little south of west, and on either side is maize—sometimes for miles the eight-foot stalks hide the world from view, and always there are advertisements, about half a mile apart, the same advertisements from coast to coast. Through Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas—away and away. The development of the highway systems all through the country has been largely due to reconstruction schemes which occupy unemployed labour on the dole. The cost has, of course, been immense, and the economics of it hotly debated. But the result is that America possesses highways which put the German autobahnen in the shade.

We stayed longer in Illinois than we had meant to. Some 17 miles outside Decatur, where the road dwindled to a pin-point before and behind, the engine broke down. It was about 90 in the shade; a little man in an old stumbling car filled with his family and belongings stopped and pushed me back the way he had come, saying only for his trouble that he "just hated to see a feller in a fix." So in Decatur we spent a long week-end.

Garage mechanics are men apart, they take the place in the New World of the craftsmen of the Old. They are courteous, inventive and have great pride in their work. The mechanic in Decatur, when he was not working, devoted himself, together with his wife, entirely to us. He took us into his house, introduced us to his friends, and on the Sunday drove us out to see the old farmer, where we sat on the porch and talked, while the sun set over the still plains and the cicadas rose to a shrill crescendo. We covered the most diverse subjects, and always there was that intense interest in, and surprising knowledge of, the world so far removed by land and water.

It is this great middle west which is, perhaps, the most incalculable factor in America. In the large cities of the east there is a developed modern culture, with every opportunity for the intellectual, the materialist or the artist; in the west there remain the tradition of the ranchers, their simplicity, outspoken honesty and hospitality which have been handed on to the town-dwellers. But between lies a wide gap where millions belong neither to the old nor to the new.

Except for a few large cities like Kansas City and St. Louis, the towns, even those fifty or sixty years old, seem like mushrooms. At first sight the people appear absurd, with their small-town gossip and pride, and endless jazz blaring from every radio. And then you realise how hard they are trying in their stage of transition. Most of their forebears came out to what was then the west to settle land, and now the descendants are respectable citizens.

There is no snobbery as we know it, but they feel that they lack something, and are not sure what. Hence their passion for education—for potted culture. But for them it is serious. What may be unfortunate in its consequences is the inescapable delight in jazz. But the whole tempo of life imposes a strain.

In tropical countries or even in southern Europe, no one thinks of working in the heat of the day. But these people live exactly as though the climate was temperate, 100 deg. or more makes no difference, even when it is so humid it feels like 130 deg. And in the winter it is very cold.

Small wonder that they feel the need for stimulation and so are restless. It is a miracle that they are calm at all, yet fundamentally they are solid people. Above all, they have great kindliness.

THE WHITTLERS: A glimpse of life on "Main Street" in an Ohio township of the type scoffed at by Sinclair Lewis

WAYSIDE CAMEO: A refreshing sight for the thirsty traveller in Massachusetts

PICTORIAL POT-POURRI:

A Television Camera in the Theatre: Mannequins Decide to Form Their Own Union: Victorian Fashions Come Back: Old Age Pensioners Demonstrate: Blizzard North of the Border

TELEVISING A FIRST NIGHT: *Left*—The scene in the foyer of the Palace Theatre as Leslie Mitchell, the B.B.C. commentator, brought prominent members of the audience before the television camera and introduced them to listeners before the curtain rose on the new Jack Hulbert–Cicely Courtneidge musical show, *Under Your Hat*. *Right*—First-nighters watching the broadcast in progress. It was the first time television had ever been tried out in this way

LONDON CRINOLINE-CONSCIOUS: Parading the revived evening dress fashion in the West End. It is to be all the rage this Christmas, the Queen having given the lead by wearing a crinoline at the Buckingham Palace Ball given for King Carol. The 1938 crinoline is more supple than its Victorian prototype

WORKERS OF THE (FASHION) WORLD UNITE: A group of mannequins at last week's meeting in a Regent Street restaurant when 200 London mannequins decided to form a union. As the plans stand at the moment, the girls will pay a subscription of two guineas a year, which will ensure them sick benefit

OLD AGE PENSIONERS ASK FOR £1 A WEEK: These veterans gathered on the steps of St. Paul's Cathedral last week and marched with their sandwich boards to the House of Commons as part of their campaign for doubled pensions. Their demands sound big, but they are nothing to those that are now being made in America, where a new political party is clamouring for £6 a week for all over fifty, a request that would probably mean national economic suicide

WINTER COMES IN EARNEST TO THE HIGHLANDS: *Left*—The snow-covered Perth-Blairgowrie road, and (*right*) another highway in Perthshire after the late November blizzard which followed early November's extraordinarily mild weather, descending upon the countryside with great suddenness and upsetting communications

FULL SPEED AHEAD: A busy scene in the fitting shop of a British aircraft factory, showing a powerful Albatross model in an advanced state of construction. The moment she is off the stocks, another plane will be begun, and so it will go on for a long while to come, until, in fact, Britain has achieved equality with the other chief powers

THE BRAINS OF THE BUSINESS: Draughtsmen at work on a new design. What they conceive to-day will be translated into terms of struts and stays to-morrow, and on their ingenuity will largely depend the measure of our superiority in the skies

THE RIGGERS GET BUSY: Assembling the wing of a biplane. This type remains much in favour in the Air Force, for it is regarded by our experts as possessing a greater degree of stability than the monoplane so favoured in Germany

INSTALLING THE ENGINES: Craftsmen engaged in fitting Gipsy power units which have won such a reputation by their consistent performances under military and civil conditions. Painstaking checking and counter checking are the keynotes of the craftsmen's work, for one mistake in the factory may mean death for the airman

BUILDING OUR NEW AIR ARMADA

Sights and Scenes in a Typical British Aircraft Factory

FABRIC FOR THE FUSELAGE: Girls engaged in covering the body of a machine. Smoking is strictly prohibited throughout the works, but in this particular department the order is absolutely vital, as a highly inflammable "dope" is employed for covering the fabric

SEWING FABRIC ON TO THE FRAMEWORK: Another job that is largely done by feminine labour. These girls earn quite good money and it is little wonder that their employment in aircraft factories is having an increasing effect upon the domestic labour market

APPLYING A COATING OF "DOPE" to a part of the fuselage. No pleasant job this, for the smell of the liquid is far from pleasant

FITTING A LANDING LIGHT in the nose of a machine while a girl-worker puts "dope" on the underside of the fuselage

Never did the hackneyed and much-ridiculed political phrase about "no stone being left unturned and no avenue left unexplored" ring more true than in connection with Britain's aerial expansion. For, goaded by the press and the public, the Government is pushing ahead vigorously and energetically with aerial rearmament, determined that by 1940 Britain shall have an air force comparable to the great armadas of Europe, no matter what the cost. At the helm is Air Minister Sir Kingsley Wood, the man who made the Post Office the go-ahead business organisation that it is, and, from all the signs and portents, it is clear that he is wasting no time

AMID A SEA OF SILVER FABRIC these girls are hard at work in a Godalming factory making balloons for London's big barrage scheme. It is a job for which they are peculiarly fitted, as efficient stitching is the main essential

THE MACHINISTS AT WORK stitching the balloon fabric in the Godalming factory which is working at full speed to provide London with the balloons necessary for the barrage. Altogether 600 balloons would be floated at varying heights above the capital in time of emergency

THE TEST INFLATION of a completed balloon in progress at Godalming while another is brought in for the same purpose. Each is 66 ft. long

EMERGING FROM AN INFLATED BALLOON after carrying out a detailed inspection of the interior. The girl carries a lamp in her right hand

MAKING BALLOONS FOR LONDON'S BARRAGE

PITCHING AND ROLLING ON THE HIGH SEAS

Problems that Confront the Ship Designer

The Public is Given the Liners It Demands

By FRANK C. BOWEN

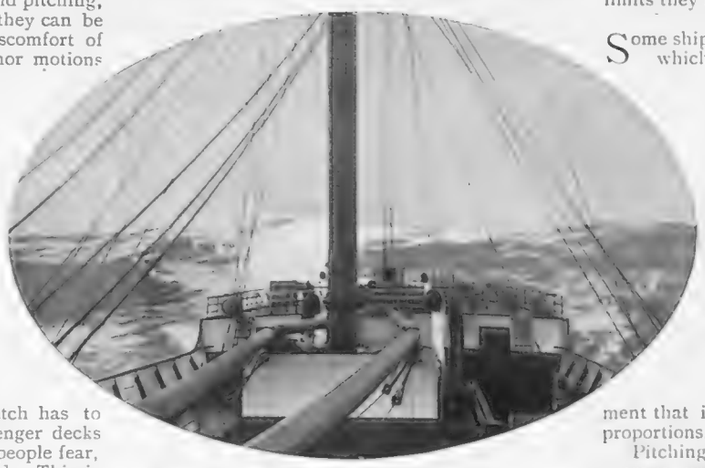
BREASTING THE ROLLERS OF THE WESTERN OCEAN: An unusual view of the *Queen Mary* battling against heavy seas

THERE are many people who cannot understand it when they read of the world's biggest liners being so affected by Atlantic storms that passengers are injured by being thrown off their feet or by the furniture "taking charge" as the ship rolls. Every ship built is liable to roll and pitch, and is certain to do so if the seas are heavy enough. It is natural that any floating body will be moved when the water on which she floats moves; if she were deep enough to rest on the water unaffected by the wave motion of an Atlantic gale she could not get into any seaport in the world. And her steel top-sides would soon be battered in by such seas as hurl themselves against the Bishop's Rock or Land's End.

On the motion of the ship depends her safety, although its character and extent may vary greatly between different ships or even between sister ships of precisely the same design. The two principal motions are rolling, from side to side, and pitching, which is the longitudinal motion, but they can be combined in infinite variety to the discomfort of the bad sailor, and there are many minor motions as well.

Naturally, a big ship does not take the least notice of waves that make a small one kick her heels and roll through a big arc, but once the waves are big enough to affect her she will roll just as much and the roll will be all the more impressive because of her size.

In rolling, everything depends on the ship's stability, which is her power to return to the upright after she has been moved from it by waves or wind. This is, of course, very carefully worked out by the designers and checked by the authorities before the ship is built. Although a careful watch has to be kept on top-weights, towering passenger decks do not make a ship top-heavy as some people fear, for they are always more than balanced. This is not done only in the theoretical examination of the plans but also by practical inclining tests before the ship is allowed to go to sea.



IN THE TROUGH OF A MOUNTAINOUS SEA: A cargo vessel in rough weather on the Atlantic

Actually a ship requires a good deal of top-weight before her motion is easy and safe. Like all bodies, a ship has a centre of gravity, which remains stationary as long as her condition is unchanged, but which moves as oil fuel bunkers, store rooms, etc., are emptied out of their proper order and symmetry, unless water-ballast tanks in their proper positions are immediately filled from the sea to adjust things. She has also a centre of buoyancy, which is the single point on which the supporting forces of the water in which she floats can be supposed to act. When a ship rolls or pitches, her under-water shape immediately changes and the centre of buoyancy moves towards the side or end which is descending.

The metacentre is the point at which the vertical line through the moving centre of buoyancy cuts the vertical line through the centres of gravity and buoyancy when she is at rest, and this is always worked out very carefully. If it is above the centre of gravity the ship will return to the upright no matter how heavily she rolls, but if it is below she will capsize. Naturally, no ship is ever allowed to be built or to go to sea with it below.

The distance between the metacentre and the centre of gravity is called the metacentric height, and on this depends the character of the ship's roll in any given weather. While it must be sufficiently large to avoid any risk of capsizing, the smaller it is, the more comfortable the roll. A ship with a large metacentric height will come back to the upright at the end of a roll very suddenly, with unfortunate results on her passengers and furnishings, while a smaller height means a much easier and more comfortable roll from side to side. It may be just as heavy, but it will be far less alarming for the inexperienced passenger and far less strain on the ship.

While all ships will roll at sea, and while the owners' first consideration is naturally to minimise the danger to life and property, some ships roll more than others, irrespective of the amount of cargo and its stowage influencing the centre of gravity. Any tendency to roll more than necessary is checked by various means. The most usual is the fitting of bilge keels, which are long fins of steel projecting from the hull where the bottom of the ship curves up to meet the sides, and within their limits they may be said to be very effective.

Some ships are fitted with a gyroscopic stabiliser, which is a very heavy gyro wheel kept spinning at high speed and by its tremendous natural force checking almost entirely any tendency to roll. It does not, of course, stop the ship's motion, for as the huge Atlantic seas surge under her she must lift with them or else they would dash against her side as they do on a rock-bound coast, and no ship ever built could withstand such a hammering for long. One of the best-known boats to be fitted with gyroscopic stabilisers is the 48,000-ton Italian liner *Conti di Savoia*. Even in the most unfavourable conditions it is claimed the 600-ton stabilising plant permits a maximum list of only 3 deg., a movement that is hardly perceptible in a vessel of such proportions.

Pitching is not nearly as uncomfortable to the average passenger, because the arc traversed is naturally so much smaller. Generally it is regarded with exhilarated interest as a giant ship lifts her bow to one big sea and then brings it down with a crash into the heart of the next one with a gigantic smother of white foam. Here again the motion of the ship is her safeguard; if she did not lift to the waves they would come over her bow in solid green water and often the force would be sufficient to smash in the whole of the passenger superstructure. As it is, deck rails and other fittings are often grotesquely twisted by the smashing force of the water.

"WHEN THE SHIP GOES WOP WITH A WIGGLE BETWEEN": An unusual picture taken in the Red Sea, which is not always quite so calm as might be imagined

Excessive pitching is watched as carefully as excessive rolling, but it is more to avoid damage to the fabric of the ship than from consideration to the passengers. The owners cannot design their ships for continuous bad weather, when after all there is far more fine, and the passengers' demand for greater size and more luxury with each successive ship often tends to make the pitching worse. It is greatly reduced when the length of the ship exactly suits the length of the storm-waves in the seas in which she is designed to run. In the North Atlantic that means that the ship which pitches most easily is a vessel much smaller than the present luxury liners. But as pitching is a very secondary consideration to the passenger, and as serious damage by it can generally be avoided by reducing speed, the public is given the ships that it demands and photographs showing how Father Neptune can treat the finest creation of man continue to excite the world's wondering admiration.

WITH SAILS IN SHREDS AND THE TOPMAST CARRIED AWAY, this London barge was towed into Ramsgate Harbour a few days ago. Such barges are wonderfully seaworthy and sturdy craft, surviving many a buffeting during the winter months

WINTER'S FIRST GALE

WINDY CORNER: This mass of leaves was blown from Hyde Park on to Hyde Park Corner by last week's great gale which wrought considerable havoc in many parts of the country. It was at its worst in West Wales where it was estimated that the speed of the wind easily exceeded 100 m.p.h. Many ships were delayed and quite a number of coastal towns were invaded by the sea

"EE, BA GOOM, TIDE'S UP!" Blackpool, favourite haunt of the north country holiday-maker, presented an unhappy spectacle last week when the first wild seas of winter lashed the promenade, pouring over it in a flood and creating not a little havoc. A bathing cabin pay office was washed completely across the promenade

AN ANGRY SWELL OFF PORTSMOUTH where most of the shipping was confined to port during the storm. Even the battleship *Royal Oak*, bearing the remains of the late Queen Maud of Norway, was unable to leave her moorings and set sail for Oslo

WHAT HAPPENED AT HOVE: Several tons of pebbles were hurled on to the promenade during the big storm, and altogether quite a considerable amount of damage was done at this resort, which was only one of many along the south coast that suffered similarly. Fourteen people lost their lives in Britain, and the gales were declared to have been quite the fiercest that have taken place since 1929, when the wind velocity actually reached 109 m.p.h.

THE BRIGHTON ROAD BLOCKED: Men engaged in clearing away a tree which fell across the highway at Burgh Heath at the height of the storm and held up traffic for a considerable time. From nearly all parts of the country occurrences of this nature were reported, and at Hereford two pinnacles of the main tower of the cathedral were broken off, one of them crashing right through the roof of the north aisle

With the wind running against the tide and whipping the water up, tugs had quite a rough passage on the Thames, particularly between Chelsea Bridge and the Wandsworth Bridge site where this picture was taken

ON RIVER AND SEA

An 80-m.p.h. gale was blowing when this picture of a cargo boat battling with the waves was taken from the deck of the S.S. *Canterbury*, the cross-Channel steamer in which the Prime Minister and his party went over to France last week

THE SPORT OF KINGS HAS A RIVAL

From Humble Beginnings in Manchester in 1926 Greyhound Racing Has Come to Maturity and, Through Strict Control, Has Firmly Established Itself in Public Favour

By CAPTAIN E. A. V. STANLEY

WHEN greyhound racing first commenced at Manchester (Belle Vue) on July 24, 1926, there were very few people in England who did not foretell a quick and early demise of what they disrespectfully termed "tin rabbit" nonsense. Time has proved that these conjectures were wholly inaccurate, and the present day clearly shows us that greyhound racing has settled down into one of our national pastimes. The sport has taken such a hold of the countryside that whatever may be in store for all of us in the future, we should not like to be without it.

The phenomenal attraction of greyhound racing among the public has caused several interesting developments. The street bookmaker is practically non-existent nowadays. Previous to 1926 these firms conducted their business sub rosa at street corners. Cash and betting slips were collected by the bookmakers and their many agents in alley ways and anywhere that was not under the eagle eye of the police. All these bets were made on horse-racing and on animals that the bettors never had the opportunity of seeing run except on a Bank Holiday, or occasionally on a Saturday afternoon. With the advent of greyhound racing, the chance was seized by all those who are not averse to a mild gamble, and who realised that it was much better and more exciting to have their wagers on a greyhound they could watch racing than on a horse they knew only by name and through the daily newspapers.

Moreover, many sportsmen and sportswomen were bitten with the sport, and purchased greyhounds to run on tracks for the fun of the thing, and not for the sole reason of pecuniary gain or loss.

From a humble commencement of one track at Manchester sprang racecourses in almost every large town. The Greyhound Racing Association, Ltd., soon brought the idea to London at the White City, Shepherd's Bush, and at Harringay in North London. Other syndicates were not slow in bringing their plans to a head, as witness meetings that have been held for many years at Clapton, Wimbledon, and Wembley Stadiums. Later on, further stadiums were built, and now one can hardly visit a town of importance in the British Isles that is not provided with a greyhound stadium and racecourse.

Those in control of the sport soon came to the conclusion that a controlling body was needed to lay down rules of racing and such-like that should be obeyed by all tracks. In the first instance, in 1927 we had the Racing Control Board formed by the Greyhound Racing Association, Ltd., but only for their company tracks. That this initial step was only the commencement of a further control was obvious to everybody. Hence, early in the year 1928 there arose the National Greyhound Racing Club and Society. At that time practically every stadium of importance welcomed the movement and became members of the society and pledged themselves to obey the rules of racing laid down by the club.

The society was formed to give voice to the requirements of track directorates and those financially interested in racecourse undertakings. The club's duties consisted solely of the control of racing, and as definite proof of the happy feeling of co-ordination that exists between these two bodies, we now have a control board comprised of members both of the society and the club, who, as a final Court of Appeal, deal with all matters that are referred to them by the club or by the society. No doubt, one of the great reasons for the success of greyhound racing has been the strict methods of control that were adopted soon enough to prevent complete chaos reigning.

It is a matter of regret that there are a few first-class tracks existing that are not under the control of the society and club, but it must only be a matter of time before all properly conducted organisations have joined and placed themselves subservient to the ruling bodies, who have recently admitted the Wandsworth, Charlton, and Park Royal Stadiums.

GREYHOUNDS FOR INDIA: Some of the fifty thoroughbred dogs which were recently shipped from the port of London to the Calcutta Greyhound Exhibition, seen as they were taken up the gangway of a liner at Royal Albert Dock

The answer to why the public has flocked to N.G.R.C. tracks to the tune of over 20,000,000 a year is obvious and easily discernible. The racing on these tracks is as near perfection from a straightness and regular point of view as can be obtained. Greyhounds are in the hands of capable trainers. The track stewards, who are responsible to the club for the conduct of all meetings, are specially chosen men known for their knowledge of racing matters and personal integrity.

For an entry fee of 1s. 6d., a patron receives a racecard of an eight-race meeting showing all the greyhounds that are running, and the trap draw, which is of the greatest importance. Clubs, or where excise licences are granted, restaurants, are provided. Shade in the summer, warmth in the winter, are not forgotten. Comfortable seating arrangements, protection from the weather—in fact, the acme of comfort all round, and all for 1s. 6d. The same comforts are provided in the more expensive enclosures culminating in restaurants with glass windows, behind which protection patrons can dine and watch the racing in warmth, however inclement the weather may be outside.

From an owner's point of view, the sport is a tithe of what would be the necessary expenditure at horse-racing. A guinea a week covers trainers' fees, kennelling, veterinary surgeons' care, and free entry into all graded races. Prize money is on a liberal scale, and, with luck, an owner should not only pay his training fees and purchase price for his dogs, but should also make a profit.

Greyhound racing is governed by scrupulously correct and expert timing by the clock. The racing manager of each track grades not more than six greyhounds into a flat race, hoping that the result will be a dead-heat. That his aspirations are not fulfilled is caused by the fascinating goddess of chance. A bump, or being baulked during the race, a greyhound slow from the starting trap, may put paid to the dog selected by the majority of patrons as the probable winner. That is why speedy starters, like the former Derby winner, Wattle Bark, are so often at a very short price in the market.

Among those who were extremely sceptical in the early days are to be found the sport's chief and most ardent supporters. Time after time I have known friends attend one or two meetings, and when they had once tasted the attractions of the sport, and assimilated the very clear methods of procedure, they form just another cog in the wheel of regular attendants who go to turn what previously used to be a dull evening into one of excitement and enjoyment.

There are probably close on 200 greyhound racecourses in the British Isles, excluding Northern Ireland, and of these, fifty-nine are licensed by the stewards of the National Greyhound Racing Club. The yearly cost of running these tracks varies with the locality and status of the track, but as a general rule, the profit made by the totalisator machine may be calculated as the net profit that the track management will make each year.

A PRODIGIOUS LEAP: This remarkable picture was taken during a trial at Hendon Greyhound Stadium, and shows King Leo and Just Black (No. 3) approaching a hurdle in company. Just Black, it will be noted, left the ground yards before reaching the obstacle, but, to the astonishment of the trainers looking on, cleared it with consummate ease

If we calculate that there are in existence 200 racecourses, and that it takes 150 greyhounds to make up the racing programmes at each track, we come to the conclusion that there are no less than 30,000 greyhounds in training for this particular sport.

The racing industry provides employment for a huge number of persons, directly or indirectly. If we try to probe into those huge numbers of people who find their living from an indirect connection with greyhound racing, we shall never end our task. Printers, caterers, transportation businesses, dog food suppliers, butchers, clothiers for leads and rugs, carpenters for keeping the kennels in repair, groundsmen for keeping the tracks in order, turnstile men, farmers for straw, smallholders for supplying milk and eggs, silversmiths for trophies, are only a few of thousands who have found a profitable business in greyhound racing.

Calculating the actual kennel staff as one man to every ten dogs, on the figures I have previously quoted we find that there are 3,000 kennelmen in regular employment.

Good greyhounds can be bought at a price of about £30 to £50 apiece, though, of course, those that have made a name for themselves in Eire command a considerable figure ranging up to £4,000. In the latter connection who would be prepared to deny that the price is not justified? Take the example of that wonderful dog, Ballahennessy Sandhills—Londoners affectionately call him Ginger—who cost £2,000 and has since triumphed in many a big race. Ginger has twice in succession won the Wimbledon Laurels.

Many private trainers find a healthy and profitable mode of living by taking in greyhounds in the same way as racehorse trainers.

An owner usually pays a guinea a week, and most trainers calculate that they can feed a greyhound in good health at 12s. 6d. a week, leaving 8s. 6d. per dog as their weekly profit.

ANDY, MAURICE, UNA, ROSIE, AND SONIA

These five tiger cubs, which were born on September 5 at the London Zoo, are the children of Amur, the Siberian tiger, and Jezebel, the Indian tigress. They have been brought up by a foster mother

MOINA RECLINES IN A WHEELBARROW COUCH

Moina, widow of Mok, London Zoo's famed gorilla, views widowhood with mixed feelings. Her chief joy these days is to recline in a wheelbarrow filled with straw

"PORTRAIT OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON": This sensitive study of the great writer is one of three works by Sargent included in the Exhibition of American Art now being held in the Musée du Jeu de Paume, Paris. The exhibition represents three centuries of work and includes 200 canvases

"WAPPING ON THAMES," BY WHISTLER: Another fine work in the Exhibition of American Art at the Musée du Jeu de Paume. It has been lent from the John Hay Whitney collection, New York

"DAUGHTERS OF REVOLUTION": This caustic study is the work of Grant Wood, one of the outstanding American painters of the present day whose highly developed critical faculty finds expression in this individual manner. The picture belongs to Edward G. Robinson, the actor

AMERICAN ART IN PARIS

Three Centuries of United States Painting on Exhibition at the Musée du Jeu de Paume

THE Paris public cannot complain of its art education. During the past few months they have been shown a remarkable number of exhibitions relating not only to the history and art of France but also of Chinese, Spanish, Italian, Flemish, Catalonian, Austrian and Portuguese art. And important exhibitions of Iranian, Indo-Chinese, British and American art are at present taking place in the French capital.

M. Dezarrois, the active curator of the Musée du Jeu de Paume, is to be congratulated on having sponsored and so ably collaborated in the organisation of the very interesting show of American art now being held at this museum. This is the first exhibition of its kind to be held in Europe. Painting, sculpture, architecture, photography and the cinema are all represented. It is impossible, of course, in the space of this short notice to refer in detail to any particular section. However, the works here reproduced are representative of the outstanding schools of painting; dating from the early seventeenth-century primitive portrait, by an anonymous artist, up till the present day with Wood's caustic study of his "Daughters of Revolution."

Joseph Wright was one of the several artists who painted the portrait of George Washington. He was contemporary with Copley who was the foremost of America's colonial portrait-painters and whose name and work are well known in England. Wright, like Gilbert Stuart, studied in London under Benjamin West who, incidentally, helped found the English Royal Academy in 1766.

American folk and popular art is given an important place in this exhibition. Extremely naïve as most of them may appear, the products of these popular artists of the mid-nineteenth century are, nevertheless, to be esteemed æsthetically superior on the whole to the academic mediocrities with which the ordinary professional artist of the time satisfied his patrons. The most distinguished popular artist of the early nineteenth century was Edward Hicks, a coach painter and Quaker preacher of Newton, Pennsylvania. He painted landscapes and allegories, the most famous of which is the "Peaceable Kingdom," in which the animals of a biblical Utopia form a worthy foreground to the scene of William Penn's treaty with the Indians.

Joseph Pickett, another Pennsylvania popular artist, who was a carpenter and boat builder, is represented in this exhibition with a charming landscape, "Coryell's Ferry in 1776," most simply conceived and executed. He is known to have painted only three oils. Apparently he never went to an art school, and invented his technique and tools and manufactured his own paints. To-day in the machine age the traditions of American popular art are dying out. Yet artists without formal training continue to appear from the ranks of the people to create works of an original and fascinating character. Such was John Krane, a Pittsburgh railroad workman and house painter. He was born in Scotland in 1860 and went to America at the age of twenty; he died in Pittsburgh in 1934. His self-portrait, shown in the present Paris exhibition, recalls the peculiar genius of the douanier Rousseau.

James Abbott McNeill Whistler was born in 1834. Together with a number of other very talented artists, he worked for the most glorious epoch of American art, the thirty-five years that saw the end of the Civil War and the year 1900. He was one of many clever American painters who chose to live and work in Europe. In Paris he came under the influence of Courbet and Manet. He passed the greater part of his life in London, however, where he was the "most active thorn in the side of British philistia." His celebrated portrait of his mother (from the Louvre) has been given the place of honour in this exhibition. Sargent, whose art has been so much admired by many of our British portrait-painters, is given an unworthy showing in this well-organised exhibition. Large as is the Jeu de Paume Museum, we cannot, nevertheless, expect to have the work of every noted painter adequately represented. Be as this may in the case of Sargent, we are at least shown three fine examples, notably the original and dexterously-painted canvas representing Robert Louis Stevenson.

After Grant Wood, who painted the "Daughters of Revolution" and who is forty-six years of age, come a band of young revolutionaries who have won reputations during the past ten years and whose expressionist, abstract, surrealist, and left-wing art is shown to advantage in this exhibition.

It is no ordinary feat to have brought together a collection of some 200-odd canvases representing 300 years of American painting.

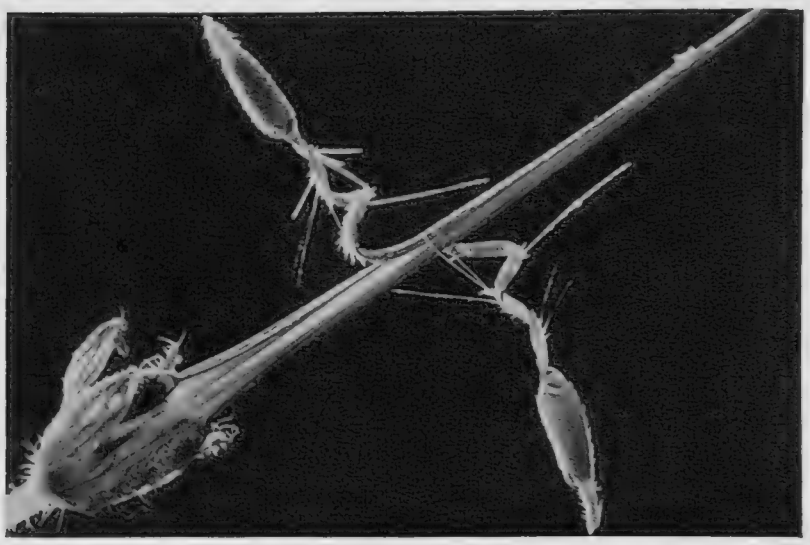
Alexander Watt

NATURE'S CATAPULT

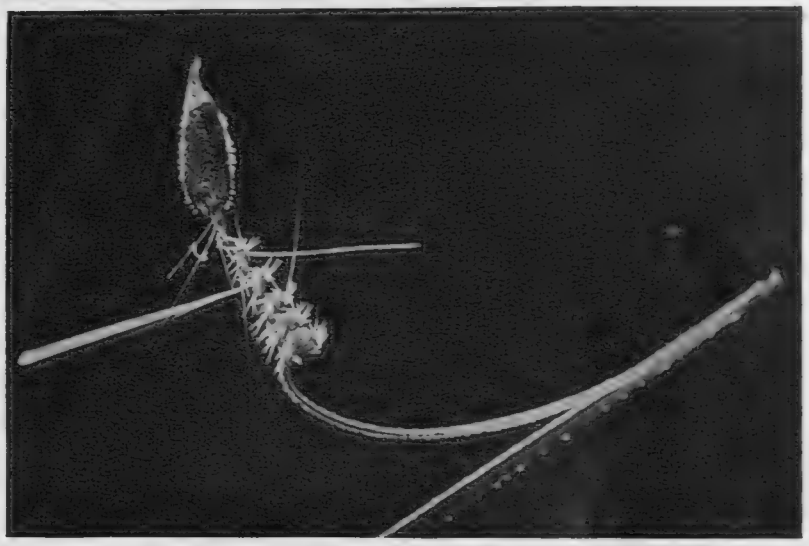
How the Crane's-bill Scatters Seed Far and Wide and Ensures that It Sinks into the Ground

A PLANT AND ITS ASTONISHING HABITS: This is the humble crane's-bill, a member of the geranium family. It is seen in this view when most of its flowers have gone to seed and the seeds have thrown out crane-like bills, the truly miraculous purpose of which is explained in the following pictures, showing exactly how the seed is spread far and wide

Flower-seed is usually the sport of the winds or is entrusted by nature to the care of the birds; but with the crane's-bill—that prolific member of the geranium family—nature has adopted another and more ingenious method, causing the seeds to be catapulted from the parent plant in truly astonishing fashion. Even then she leaves nothing to chance and, with no less ingenuity, she ensures that the seed shall find its way deep into the ground so that nothing shall prevent it from emerging in all its floral glory in the following summer

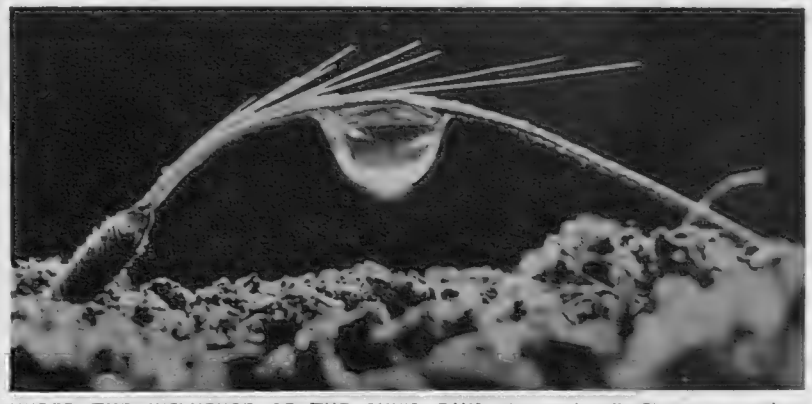


THE FIRST STAGE: A close-up of one of the crane-like bills of the crane's-bill plant showing how two of the seed-pods that cluster round its base have detached themselves and, motivated by temperature change, are rapidly corkscrewing up the bill

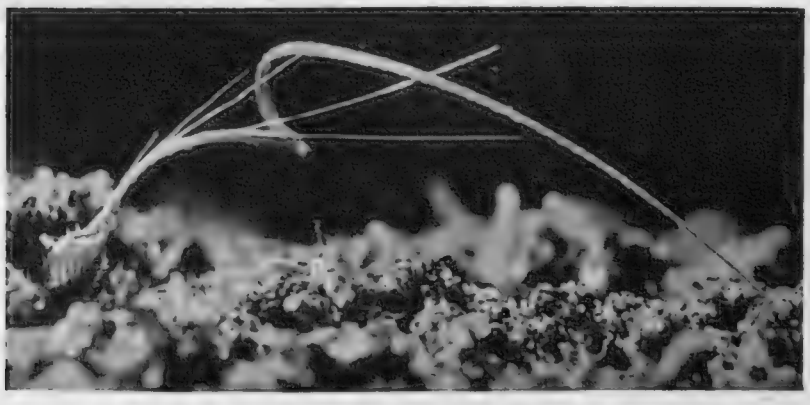


THE PROCESS CONTINUES: A picture taken a second or two after that reproduced on the left. Here we see the seed as it nears the tip of the bill at the end of its corkscrew course and is about to be catapulted away from the parent plant

THE SEED-POD AND ITS FIBROUS APPENDAGE COME TO EARTH after being catapulted away from the parent plant, the power to do so having been generated by temperature change which has the effect of causing the fibre to shrink



UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THE SUN'S RAYS the seed-pod's fibrous appendage once again begins to shrink, despite the weight of the raindrop hanging from it, and as it arches upwards the seed itself begins to bore its way into the ground



THE FIBRE CONTINUES TO CONTORT ITSELF IN CORKSCREW FASHION, and as it does so the seed-pod bores steadily into the earth from which it cannot withdraw on account of the direction of the fibre's long and hairy offshoots

LAST SCENE OF ALL: The fast-drying fibre has now made four twists and nothing is to be seen of the seed which has been firmly buried in the ground. When summer comes a prolific plant will rise and bloom: the miracle is accomplished

A CONFUCIAN FIGURE: Dr. Shin, professor at Shanghai University and President of China's National Salvation Association, pictured with members of his suite in a town behind the Chinese lines. He has been visiting the front to encourage the troops

APOSTLE OF PATRIOTISM: Bearded and panama-hatted Dr. Shin waiting with his luggage to be taken up to the Chinese lines where he mixes with the troops, giving them newspapers and other things of which they stand largely in need

THE TRIALS OF TRAVEL: Dr. Shin warily stepping aboard a sampan when about to traverse a flooded area in the Yangtse valley. Visiting the front lines is no easy matter in such conditions, particularly for a man of his very advanced years

DR. SHIN READS A LETTER FROM A YOUNG CHINESE SOLDIER ASKING HIM FOR ADVICE: Many of the rank and file in General Chiang Kai-Shek's forces look upon the doctor in the light of a father confessor and flock to him for guidance

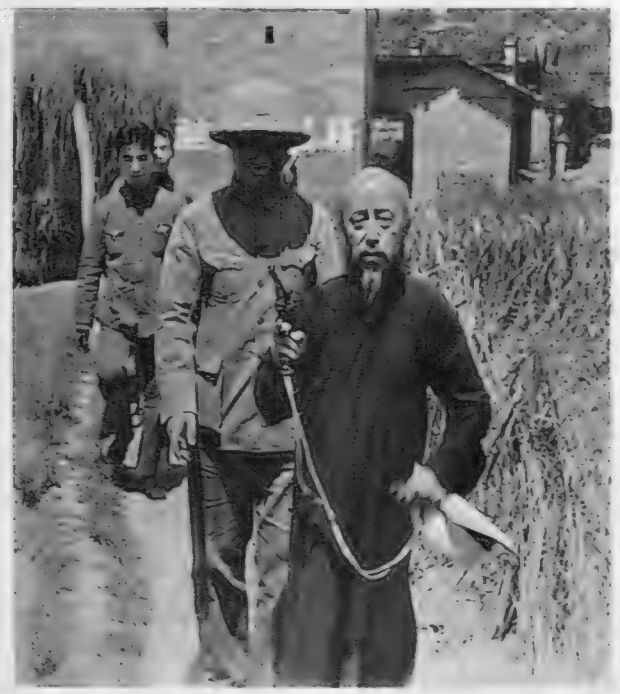
WHEREVER DR. SHIN STOPS during his travels along the front young soldiers go to his quarters to ask him questions and to hear his sane and inspiring views

No more outstanding civilian personality has emerged in the Sino-Japanese war than Dr. Shin, professor at Shanghai University and President of the National Salvation Association—a body pledged to fight the invader to the last. Dr. Shin has always preached resistance to Japan, and before the present struggle began he was in frequent conflict with the Government, and on one occasion was arrested for preaching the gospel of violence. To-day he is feted as "The Father of Resistance," and his visits to the front play an immense part in maintaining the morale of the troops. Dr. Shin is a quaint figure, with his long beard and panama hat, but his sane outlook and brilliant reasoning powers have won him the regard of officers and men alike

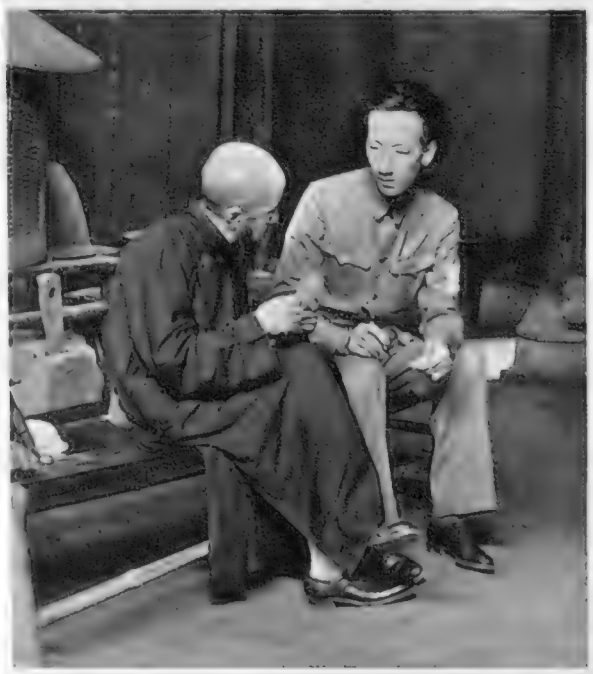
DR. SHIN GOES TO THE FRONT: The Man Whom China Calls "The Father of Resistance" Visits the Troops

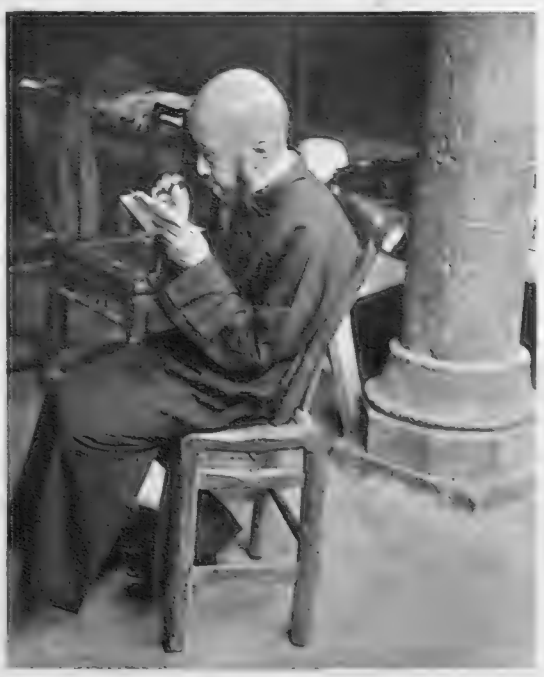
WORDS FROM THE WISE: Dr. Shin, China's Father of Resistance and a revered national figure, who is playing a vital part in maintaining the morale of his countrymen in the present war, addressing a group of his old Shanghai University students who, on hearing that he had arrived at the front, flocked to see him. They sat round in a semi-circle while the aged doctor expounded upon China's future, assuring his hearers that the invader would be driven from the land and China would be free

THE SAGE MEETS THE MAN OF ACTION: Dr. Shin in conversation with wounded General Chang Fah-Kwei (right), with whom he discussed the military operations on the Yangtse. A group of young officers sat round listening to the talk, and were particularly heartened by the doctor's optimistic outlook



SPOILS OF WAR: Dr. Shin carrying a revolver which was captured from the Japanese and subsequently presented to him by General Kuan Lin-Chung, the Chinese commander





CROWDED DAYS IN THE WAR ZONE: Three more impressions of Dr. Shin at the front. *Left*—Discussing the situation with a young officer. *Centre*—A peasant youth consults the doctor on a knotty problem. Shall he join the army, he asks, or go away to study in accordance with his father's wishes? To this the oracle replies: "If you wish to pursue your studies quietly you must first be a soldier and drive the invader away." *Right*—Dr. Shin writing up the diary of his daily doings

INDIAN WOMEN PAINTED THEIR TOE-NAILS A THOUSAND YEARS AGO and they still do it to-day, usually using a henna recipe. As experts in feminine make-up they have very few equals, even in the West, and it is known that they employed eyelid dye as far back as 2000 B.C.

FEMININE MAKE-UP IN INDIA

Down Through the Centuries the Women of the Great Sub-Continent Have Practised the Arts of Personal Adornment With Cunning Skill

WHEN beautiful Sita, the wife of god Rama, in the glory of India's past civilisation, chose fourteen years of exile in the forest to the pomp and glory of a luxurious palace life, the wanderers went to pay their respects to an ancient wise woman named Anasuya, who lived in a hermitage, and it is said in the *Ramayana*, the great epic of India, that Anasuya in order to keep Sita ever beautiful, offered her "a noble garland, a rich robe, ornaments and an ointment for beautifying her person . . . Sita was asked to deck herself with the ornaments which had been presented to her. Sita then, adorned like a goddess, bowed down to the feet of Anasuya, and Rama likewise was filled with joy."

Centuries ago, therefore, when a great part of the civilised world of to-day had not as yet come into existence, India had invented ointments to beautify the complexion, which were, in all probability, even more effective than all the creams and cosmetics of modern western invention. Neither, we are told, was the practice of using colour on the face unknown in days of yore, although, as the majority even to-day do, most women trusted to the natural beauty of their own rich wheaten-coloured or ivory white complexion, rather than to the exigencies of extraneous make-up. Among a very few, however, the fashions of Paris are proving irresistible in modern India, and a small percentage of the more fashionable are seen at public functions in all the splendour of rouge, lip-stick, mascara, and powder.

A custom in the remote villages and conservative homes of India, both past and present, is the use of saffron to soften and beautify the skin. Of this habit Abbé Dubois says: "A decoration of which women are very fond consists in painting the face, neck, arms, legs, and every part of the body that is visible with a deep yellow cosmetic of *saffron*. Brahmin women imagine that they thereby greatly enhance their beauty, since it makes their skin appear less dusky."

Actually, it is not to make the complexion less dusky that saffron is used, it makes the skin smooth, fresh and clean, and is better than any skin food. As it has the unfortunate habit of leaving a pale yellow stain behind, however, it is being considered as a crude remedy among the more elite, although modern Indian invention has contrived the use of stainless saffron in certain parts of this vast country. It is a custom in Bengal for a bride, a day before her wedding, to be bathed in saffron, and a regular ceremony takes place when all the girl friends of the bride are invited to feast and celebrate.

RINGS ON THE EARS, THE ARMS, THE ANKLES, THE TOES: A bejewelled Sikh beauty of Kashmir (*left*) and some typical examples of Rajput jewellery (*right*). The women of India rejoice in such adornments, and it is largely for this reason that the goldsmith's and coppersmith's art has flourished so exceedingly down the centuries

The present-day fashion of tinting the nails red may even have been adopted from an ancient Indian custom of applying henna leaf on fingers and toes, which leaves a rich irremovable scarlet colour. Henna is still used in many orthodox Indian homes, but here again the glamorous creations of the West are taking hold, and many a Hindu maid to-day has her nails richly painted with the flagrant tints available in the nail polish line.

Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, the well-known Indian poetess, has written a few lines on the widow, which sums up briefly Milady's toilet:

"Put by the mirror of her bridal days,
Why needs she now its counsel or its praise,
Or happy symbol of the henna leaf,
For hands that know the comradeship of grief,
Red spices for her lips that drink of sighs
Or black collyrium for her weeping eyes?"

Collyrium, or kohl, as it is more commonly called, is a black dye which is used on the lower eyelids—just a dark line beneath the sparkling black eyes of Indian beauty, which at once lends to them a charm and subtle glamour entirely Oriental and captivating. It makes the large eyes of the beautiful Indian maiden even more beautiful than they are, and for children lends a peculiar charm.

We are told that the Vedic maiden of about 2000 B.C. used to paint her eyes with kohl, for direct proofs are found in the recent excavations at Mohenjo-daro in Sind, where an ancient city has been unearthed, and where, among other things, little flasks containing kohl have been found together with the small copper rods with which collyrium is usually applied on the eyelids.

THE BEAUTY OF THE SARI: Another wonder of feminine adornment in India. Both girls bear the caste mark upon the forehead, the most essential part of a woman's toilet, both from the religious and artistic viewpoint. They often colour the caste mark to match their bright saris

The feet have always been carefully tended, for the maidens of India are not ashamed to show their pretty toes. Apart from the tinting of toe-nails, feet are often anointed with oil to soften and beautify them, and we hear of a rich courtesan in ancient India wearing "flowered muslin" and appearing with her feet "well oiled."

The most essential part of an Indian woman's toilet, however, is the caste mark, the lovely red spot on the forehead which enhances the charms of every woman considerably. Sometimes the spot is black, but most often it is red, made of a scarlet powder called *Kumkum* in the south and *Sindhur* in Bengal. The extremes of fashion have actually invented various colours such as green, blue, mauve, and yellow to match each sari; but these inventions are still confined to but a few parts of the country, and one hopes that their allure will not spread, for nothing is more beautiful than the old red powder. In Bengal it is the special privilege of the married woman to wear the *Sindhur* on her parting. The concession is not allowed the widow or the unmarried girl.

Padmini Satthianadhan

As Christmas approaches, your friends will say:

"I hope Mr. Walker will walk my way!"

Johnnie Walker has a way of brightening every home he enters at Christmas time. Don't merely *wish* your friends a happy Christmas. Send them Johnnie Walker's special Christmas cases, containing 2, 3, 6 or 12 bottles, and make sure your friends have a happy Christmas.

JOHNNIE WALKER walks away with it!

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PEOPLE do appreciate Craven 'A' quality, for they give more Craven 'A' than any other cork-tipped cigarette in the whole wide world at Christmas time.

Craven 'A' are so fresh, so cool, so luxuriously smooth to the throat that they are always sure of a welcome.

You can buy Craven 'A' in their smart, colourful gift boxes everywhere—six convenient sizes to choose from, each with a card on the back for your personal greetings.

Give throat-smooth smoking this Christmas—give Craven 'A'.

HANDY TO POST

25 for 1/3
40 for 2/-
50 for 2/6
100 for 5/-
150 for 7/6
200 for 10/-

Made specially to prevent sore throats

CARRERAS LTD. — 150 YEAR'S REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

PLANNED WITH VISION: Although built in 1907 in motoring's infancy, Brooklands was designed by Colonel Holden to allow of cars travelling at 120 m.p.h. on the banking—a remarkable example of foresight

THE CRADLE OF SPEED

The Dramatic History of the Renowned Brooklands Race Circuit and Flying Field at Weybridge from the Modest Early Days to Present Eminence

BY NOEL THOMPSON

SOME 200,000 motor racing enthusiasts have this year roared with excitement as their favourite drivers and cars hurtled round the $2\frac{3}{4}$ miles (approximately) that make up the Brooklands track. They were helping to celebrate the thirty-first birthday of the Cradle of Speed. They must possess their souls in patience till next spring before they can recapture the thrill that is universal, the thrill of speed. In the meantime, while the paddock is empty of people, £3,000 is being spent for their benefit.

On the banked circuit there are huge piles of concrete and great gaping pits, so that in places a baby car might just squeeze slowly by. The "doctors" are at work replacing with reinforced concrete more of the original concrete, which has lasted so long. "Thus," as Clerk of the Course Mr. A. Percy Bradley told me, "the track is year by year improving."

Every year at least £3,000 is set aside for this purpose, and less and less of the original is left. But the famous bump remains. That is caused by a bridge over the River Wey, and is probably the first reinforced concrete work ever done in the country. It would cost a big sum to remove, and because the covering is so thin—and yet so strong—it is impossible to pare it down.

Very few of the hundreds of thousands of people in every country in the world, to whom Brooklands is a name to conjure with, could tell you the date of its construction, the name of the founder, or even the origin of its name. The opening date was July 6, a Saturday, in 1907. And since motor cars to the public were still a fad and a fancy of the few enthusiasts, it was not a tremendous success. The creator was Mr. Locke King, who lived in a small house, still existing, near the ground, where the track, and two years later the aerodrome, were built.

The name of the house was, and still is, Brooklands. It is the only instance I can recall of a suburban house becoming world famous by giving its name to an industry, that of speed.

Well, work started in the late summer of 1906 on the job which was to cost £120,000, a job, too, which was to set the lead for America and France to follow: 2,000 men worked day and night on the designs of Colonel H. C. L. Holden. It is amazing to think that in those early days Colonel Holden had the foresight to plan a track 100 ft. wide. It is even more amazing that he planned it, not as many people think, for a maximum speed of 120 m.p.h., but for a speed of 120 m.p.h. on the banking *without the driver needing to have his hands on the steering wheel*. The present record is 143·44 m.p.h.

Colonel Holden wrote on his designs that the banking was to be 27′ in height, the recognised indication for 27 ft. The constructors could not believe their eyes. Such a thing was unheard of. They therefore took it as 27″, which means 27 ins., and proceeded to work on that basis. More money had to be spent on putting that error right.

First record breaker was the veteran S. F. Edge, who, on June 28, 1907, when the concrete was hardly dry, averaged 65·9 m.p.h. for 24 hours. How many people knew that such a speed was possible in those early days? And so to the opening. The sport was too new for the populace. The Home of Speed started slowly.

Imagine the organisers' difficulties. They did not use stop-watches. *Everything was based on horse racing.* The cars were handicapped by weight, and were weighed in after the race to make sure that no weight had been dropped.

There was a starting gate. The drivers wore "yellow and crimson stripes, with black cap" . . . exactly like jockeys. Some of the races were known as "Plates," and even the stakes were priced in "sovs." At that first meeting the prize money came to more than £5,000—but still the public were slow in coming.

Flying took place there in the early days, along with motoring. A. V. Roe made one of his earliest flights there, and in 1909 Pegoud gave his famous demonstration of upside down flying. Farman also flew there. In a month a farmhouse and its outlying buildings were pulled down and 20 acres of land levelled to make an aerodrome for him.

Even earlier was the attempt to fly by a Frenchman. He arrived—large, black-bearded—in a four-wheeler cab, with his machine strapped to the roof. And inside he sat with a peregrine falcon! His idea was to study the flight of the bird before he took off. The bird flew. His aeroplane did not.

But back to the track again before going on with the flying activities. On the walls of the office is an international certificate of the mileage of the track. The length of the circuit is 2 miles, 1,349 yards 2 ft. 1 in.

And that extra 2 ft. 1 in. can be very important. This year there was a dead heat, which would not have been so if the track had been 1 yard longer or shorter.

The biggest crowd to attend was probably on Whit Monday, 1933, to see Sir Malcolm Campbell and his famous *Bluebird*, with which he had just broken the world's record in America; and according to the experts the most thrilling sight was the start of the first long-distance race in this country, the 200 miles race in 1922, with every famous driver taking part. Seventy cars set off together—and there were no accidents.

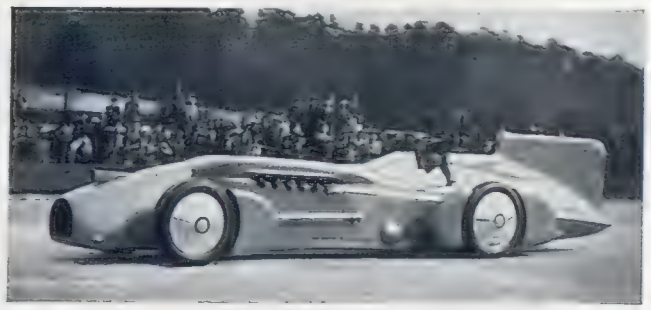
The links with the racing and the flying are many. For instance, living within a stone's throw of the aerodrome is Dame Ethel Locke King, widow of the originator of the track. She loves to be in the air in a machine from the Brooklands School of Flying.

Then there are the two famous factories manufacturing aeroplanes for the Air Ministry. They were established during the war, when the War Office took over Brooklands. And the War Office heavy lorries, using the track as a roadway, did damage from which it has not yet recovered completely.

Official secrecy forbids my mentioning more about these factories than that speed records are also being broken in the workshops there.

The Brooklands Flying School came into being in 1927 on a basis of enthusiasm, twelve pupils, three wooden sheds and two elderly Avro machines. Now it is the largest flying club in the country, the second largest flying school, and has 250 regular flying members, and 1,000 members in all.

The machine and servicing shops are recognised models of cleanliness and efficiency—aeroplane hospitals would be a good description. And busy all day with other people's repairs and overhauls. Chief instructor is Ken Waller—who learned at Brooklands and its associate, Lympne. Jean Batten learned at Brooklands.. Ken Waller is probably the most popular chief instructor in the country. Tall, almost languid, utterly nonchalant, but even more utterly competent, he is turning out about seventy-five "A" licensed pupils a year.



WHEN BROOKLANDS HAD ITS GREATEST CROWD: The Whitsun meeting in 1933 at which Sir Malcolm Campbell appeared on the track with *Bluebird* shortly after his great triumph in breaking the world's land speed record in the United States

YOUTH AND AGE LEARN TO FLY: *Left*—Master John Cresswell at Brooklands aerodrome after qualifying for an "A" pilot's licence. He was only seventeen years old at the time. *Right*—A picture taken in 1929 when veteran Sir Horace Plunkett was taking flying lessons

PILLARS OF WEYBRIDGE: *Left*—Captain H. Duncan Davis, managing director of Brooklands Aviation Ltd., and (*right*) Mr. Percy Bradley, clerk of the course and managing director of Brooklands (Weybridge) Ltd., whose name is well known to our readers by his motoring feature

And touching wood, as Managing Director Captain Duncan Davis did when he told me, Waller and his five assistants have never had a fatal accident since the flying school started, which is amazing when you consider the number of pupils, and the fact that 7,500 hours a year are flown at Brooklands.

Ken Waller has a system. He lets a pupil complete a mistake before he himself attempts to correct it.

"Then the pupil sees the result of his mistake, and it relieves the monotony," Mr. Waller will tell you.

So many people are thinking of learning to fly now that the costs, which are more or less typical of flying schools, are worth giving. Membership for full flying members is £4 4s. a year, but in this case that includes membership of the South Coast Flying Club at Shoreham, the Cinque Ports Club at Lympne, and the Northamptonshire Aero Club. Add to this £2 5s. an hour flying time. The average pupil will need about 14 hours for his "A" licence, but some need less. That means about £35 to learn to fly, and to obtain the best comradeship in the world—the fellowship of the air.

If you want to aim at your "B," or commercial passenger-carrying, licence later, it will cost more. There are the navigational classes, the commercial pilots training, and half a dozen other ground classes which may cost up to 70 guineas for first-class navigators' instruction.

And for youngsters there is the scheme for Air Defence Cadets. It will cost nothing for youths between 15 and 18 years to learn all the principles of flying. At Brooklands there is to be a club house for them right on the aerodrome, with lecture rooms, and of course the airport itself as a permanent source of study. £500 has been raised to pay the cost. Sixty

(Continued on page 406)

WITH the VOORTREKKERS of 1938

South Africans Celebrate the Centenary of a Momentous Event

IN THE STEPS OF THEIR ANCESTORS: To celebrate the centenary of the Great Trek, South African Dutch, wearing the costumes of 100 years ago and using old-time waggons, are travelling northward along the self-same route taken by their forefathers, and they plan to reach Pretoria in mid-December when they will be present at the laying of the foundation stone of a Voortrekker memorial. All along the route they have been greeted with enthusiasm

THE PEOPLE OF STANDERTON WELCOME THE MODERN VOORTREKKERS: This was the enthusiastic scene as the two waggons, which are making the centenary celebration journey, crossed from the Orange Free State into the Transvaal. At each township along the route they are being accorded an official welcome

AT THE KLIP RIVER BRIDGE, 17 miles from Standerton, Transvaal, the oxen were outspanned and a party of girl members of the Voortrekker Guard pulled the waggons across

IN THE BITTER COLD OF A NOVEMBER DAWN the modern Voortrekkers take morning coffee before proceeding on their northward way

It would be idle to pretend that the spirit of Boer nationalism is other than a vital force in South Africa to-day, notwithstanding the fact that the victors of the Boer war were generous in their peace-making; and it is for this reason that the centenary of the Great Trek is being celebrated with such fervour by the South African Dutch. The two waggons which are being used are exact replicas of two of those employed in 1836–1840 and the men and women who are making the journey are descendants of Voortrekkers. The 1938 trek started in Cape Town and it will end in Pretoria this month.

Among the great events in South African history the Boer Trek was undoubtedly quite one of the most momentous, for from that date the Orange Free State and the Transvaal came into being. Between 7,000 and 10,000 people made this northward march to escape the hated British rule, but little did they dream that in less than sixty years "the paramount power" would be knocking angrily at the doors of their eldorado on the veldt.

WORSHIPPING MOTHER GANGES

Pilgrims Bathe in the Holy Waters at Garhmukhtesar's Rural Fair

THE FAITHFUL FORGATHER: A glimpse of the great throng of pilgrims which assembled recently at Garhmukhtesar, a town on the Ganges about 45 miles from Delhi, on the occasion of the annual fair, during which they bathed in the waters of India's holy river. The exact spot where the fair takes place is reputed to have been "sanctified by the penance of the immortal gods"

A DIP IN THE HOLY RIVER: Pilgrims bathing at Garhmukhtesar during the annual rural fair which brings devout Hindus from all parts of India, most of them travelling on foot. Garhmukhtesar has been a place of pilgrimage for centuries, but is of lesser importance than Allahabad's festival, the Magh Mela

Prominent both in its geographical and religious relations to the life of the country, the Ganges excels all the great rivers of India in sanctity. From its source, nearly 14,000 ft. above sea level beyond the great barrier of the Himalayas, and along its 1,500 miles to the mouth of the Hugli, its course is holy, and to bathe in its waters is to wash away sin. At many points along the route bathing festivals are held, and one of the oldest is that at Garhmukhtesar where the accompanying pictures were taken only a short while ago. The Hindu pilgrims are mainly simple minded village folk, with an innate sense of religion, bent on performing the ceremonies prescribed for them by their priests. Besides bathing, the ceremonial includes the shaving of heads, thus necessitating the presence of hosts of barbers.

A PILGRIM IS BLESSED BY A HINDU HOLY MAN after he had taken a bath in the Ganges

A MINIATURE EFFIGY OF THE GODDESS GANGA, with offerings of fruit placed before her, being rowed out on to the river by a pilgrim at Garhmukhtesar's annual fair

What *other* People *are* Doing

COURTESIES BETWEEN KING AND COMMONS: Mr. Robert Villiers Grimston, Conservative Member for the Westbury Division of Wiltshire and Vice-Chamberlain of the Royal Household, leaving for the House, where he presented King George's reply to an address from the Commons thanking His Majesty for his recent speech from the throne

A LONDON-EDUCATED, FOREIGN DIPLOMAT: M. Prytz, who was appointed last June to be Swedish Minister in London, but has only recently moved into the Legation. He went to school at Dulwich

MICHAEL ARLEN STUDIES FINANCIAL FORM: The noted writer of sophisticated best-sellers seen on the front at Cannes on his beloved Riviera where he spends so much of his time these days

WHITEHALL TO THE CITY: Colonel Sir Maurice Hankey, who retired a short while ago from the vital post of Secretary to the Cabinet, has just been appointed to the London Board of the Royal Insurance Company. Sir Maurice is now sixty-one

GERMAN WAR-TIME SPY VON RINTELEN is to become a British subject, and his sponsor is none other than Admiral Sir Reginald Hall (left), the man who as war-time Director of Intelligence at the Admiralty was responsible for Rintelen's arrest

Men and Women in the Limelight

A NEW AIR COMMAND: Air Vice-Marshal Owen Boyd, who has been appointed head of the new Balloon Command which will organise the barrage scheme

POLITICAL PREFERMENT: Colonel D. Clifton Brown is the new Deputy Chairman of Ways and Means in the House of Commons

HERBERT SMITH'S SUCCESSOR: Mr. J. A. Hall is the new president of the Yorkshire Mineworkers' Association

THE KING HAS APPROVED the appointment of the Rev. Tom Longworth, vicar of a Newcastle-on-Tyne parish, to be Suffragan Bishop of Pontefract, Archdeacon of Pontefract, and a Canon of Wakefield, in which offices he is succeeding the new Bishop of Wakefield

FROM INDIAN PALACE TO LONDON FLAT: This is Princess Indira, granddaughter of the wealthy Maharaja of Kapurthala, who has come to England to make a career for herself on the stage. A few days ago she had a part in the Gate Theatre production, *The Heart Was Not Burned*, appearing in the role of a slave girl. Her father is much opposed to her theatrical aspirations

A PASSION FOR PENOLOGY: Twenty-four-year old Miss S. Marteil seen on arrival in Plymouth last week. She is engaged on a world hitch-hike, the purpose of her tour being to inspect all the leading prisons—a grim form of globe-trotting indeed

On Stage and Screen

A HULBERT–COURTNEIDGE COMEDY TRIUMPH

A Protracted Opening Scene Gives Place to Some Rare Fooling in "Under Your Hat"

By PHILIP PAGE

THE ENRAGED MRS. MILLET, played by Cicely Courtneidge, pursues her husband (Jack Hulbert) to the south of France where she finds him in a restaurant paying attentions to the beautiful foreign film star-cum-spy (Leonora Corbett). This is one of the big scenes in *Under Your Hat*, the bright musical show at the Palace, which is reviewed and pictured on these pages

TO shake off film influence and environment must be a mighty difficult business. Mr. Jack Hulbert, having been kept by these away from the stage for some years, writes, with two collaborators, and appears in, a musical-comedy which is all about the films, with himself as a film-star hero and his wife, Miss Cicely Courtneidge, as a film-star heroine.

Under Your Hat at the Palace Theatre opened ominously with much film-studio technicality, with men with adopted American accents saying, "O.K." and "Shoot," and slamming bits of wood together while assistants moved about machines of horrid complication. I imagine this sort of thing is done in musical-comedy—and, alas, it is done nowadays very frequently—by way of gratitude to the cinema world for making about 75 per cent. of their stories deal with back-stage incidents. The entertainment value of it is nil, and that opening scene was unduly protracted.

But when Mr. Hulbert and Miss Courtneidge emerged from behind those machines all was well, and we went straight ahead with the plot and, what was much more important, the fun. The plot (for I suppose something must be said about it) concerns a very bad man, played by Mr. Alfred Cellier, who is a very good actor, but has in this case a very bad part. I trust the fact that the play is likely to run for at least a year will afford Mr. Cellier some compensation.

THE CUP THAT CHEERS: Jack Millet (Jack Hulbert) and Kay Millet (Cicely Courtneidge) prepare the drinks for their good-bye party before leaving for what they think is going to be a holiday but turns into a spy hunt. At the Palace Theatre premiere last week part of this uproarious show was televised, and Leslie Mitchell gave a running commentary from the foyer as the fashionable audience arrived

Mr. Cellier is supposed to be a foreign spy who had stolen a new type of carburettor from a British aeroplane engine. With him, as they say in the law courts, is Miss Leonora Corbett as a beautiful Russian. Miss Corbett has no difficulty in convincing me, and the rest of the world, that she is beautiful, and she has all the accomplishment for histrionic allure; but the Russian flavour escaped me. Of course, the obvious person to be employed by our Secret Service to get back a stolen carburettor from a villainous Bolshevik is a young film star. So Mr. Hulbert goes to the South of France to philander with Miss Corbett in the interests of his country, and Miss Courtneidge follows them in her own; for she is jealous of her husband, and so gets a job as lady's maid with Miss Corbett. Suspicions are eventually allayed, the carburettor recovered and Mr. Cellier and Miss Corbett foiled.

Under Your Hat is that rare, if not unprecedented, thing, a musical-comedy without a low comedian; for Mr. Hulbert, who dances deftly and ambles delightfully through the evening with easy undergraduate grace, is of the genus light comedian. It is also one of the few entertainments of its type I have sat through without yearning at regular and frequent intervals for Mr. Leslie Henson. Such yearnings were absent mainly owing to the presence of Miss Courtneidge, who is a comedienne low and broad and high and, indeed, everything but middling.

Never has she been in better form or more astonishingly versatile. The negative aspect of her genius is her avoidance of over-statement. It may be ungallant but it is certainly true to say that most women who on the stage essay to be broadly funny hopelessly overdo it.

Miss Courtneidge never over-emphasises one iota. Her burlesque dance with Mr. Hulbert has just the right number of small mishaps. Her attack of hiccups was for the same reason as riotously funny as her making of a hock-cup. She amused me most as the middle-aged wife of an Indian "pukka sahib" officer instructing schoolgirls on army life and their duty to the Empire; Mrs. Colonel Blimp is a new figure and in her hands a welcome one indeed. But she amused me vastly all the time.

Mr. Peter Haddon lounged in and out as a drawling *flaneur*, a character he has made peculiarly his own. He might have been permitted to lounge in rather more frequently, since his humour has a piquancy which flavours good plays as well as bad—and I have seen him help to redeem a remarkable number of bad ones. I liked the three young men who sang in harmony, a short girl (name unrecognisable on the programme) who, having in the school scene paraded in drab and Quakerish fashion, suddenly let fly with a number of amazing somersaults and back-falls, some of the music, most of the scenery, and, beyond question, all of the refreshingly youthful, comely, active and graceful ladies of the chorus.

This is surely a most happy success.

DISGUISED AS A FRENCH MAID, Kay Millet (Cicely Courtneidge) watches the effect on her husband (Jack Hulbert) of a particularly deadly brand of cocktail she has mixed, while Carol Markoff (Leonora Corbett), the beautiful spy, also looks on

Some Films.—The New Gallery, where the main business has been that admirable entertainment, *Carefree*, with Miss Ginger Rogers better than ever (and what more could anybody wish for than that?) and Mr. Fred Astaire dancing and hitting golf-balls with equal grace and accuracy, went all intellectual and political the other day when I saw there the Film Society's presentation, *Lenin in October*. I fear a picture about Lenin in any month of the year would tend to give me a pain in the neck and this one is, of course, heavy with propaganda and dripping with whitewash.

The history of 1917 in Russia is shown with as much accuracy as is compatible with the film's object, and technically the thing is well done. What is intended to be shown, in addition to the apotheosis of Lenin himself, is what is regarded as "The Birth of a Nation." As an entertainment the old silent film of the same name had far more merit and, of course, far less prejudice.

But the director, M. Mikhail Romm, has done his job with commendable skill, and M. Shchukin in the title-role is convincing enough. His Lenin cannot have been an easy person to live with, for his pomposity, egotism, and bad-temper are occasionally to the fore when the whitewash tends to wear thin. Yet, in the main, here is the great hero and the saviour of his people, *ad libitum* or even *ad nauseam*. And even those who, as I am, are unable to swallow this estimate whole, would be foolish to deny that the man must have been remarkable indeed. This film will assuredly be stored in the sacred archives of the Reds of every country.

"The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse."—That big play-success, *The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse*, gives excellent thrills in plenty in film-form at the Warner Theatre (ex-Daly's). In the film world they cut the cackle, that is to say, the interesting discussions on the physiological and psychological aspects of the criminal mind, and get down to action right away, and lots of action too. Mr. Edward G. Robinson here takes the part of the medical chief of a gang of evil crooks and makes him, justifiably, a horrible and horrifying person, with Mr. Humphrey Bogart as an accomplice of a rougher and tougher type. Miss Claire Trevor plays an evil person but looks good.

"Stranded in Paris."—Paris is full of Americans, but not of Americans dressed as cowboys. The idea of this film at the Plaza is that an American cowboy-clad dancing troupe are stranded there "broke," and that their leader, in the person of Mr. Jack Benny, an amusing and vital talker, falls in love with Miss Joan Bennett, as a millionaire's daughter. To fall in love with Miss Bennett in any circumstances cannot be difficult, and with millions of dollars tacked on the process must be singularly easy. She is also an admirable little actress. For no reason other than to attract female attention—admittedly important—there is an elaborate display of dresses, with seductive mannequins inside 'em.

RECOGNISED BY AUTOGRAPH HUNTERS, the Millets (Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge) submit to the ordeal of signature signing, but are none too pleased about it as it conflicts with their anti-espionage plans which demand they should avoid all publicity

PICTURES FROM THE PALACE

An Illustrated Record of A Few of the Uproarious Moments in the new Jack Hulbert–Cicely Courtneidge Musical Comedy show "Under Your Hat"

THE ARCH DITHERER: This is the keynote of Peter Haddon's part in *Under Your Hat* and he certainly makes the most of it. Pictured with him here is sweet-voiced Madeleine Gibson

"Geneva."—I enjoyed Mr. Bernard Shaw's *Geneva* more at the Saville Theatre than I did some months ago in sunny and thunderstormy Worcestershire, and that not only because Shaftesbury Avenue is less hilly than Malvern. The play seems to be given more quickly, and it is certainly more skilfully acted. As to the re-writing, that has been done not so much, I suspect, with a view to improving it, but in order to keep it abreast of the times; for much has happened in European politics since August. Even so, considerable credit must be given to the author for his perspicacity (or, alternatively, congratulations on a lucky shot) in bringing together on the same stage three people obviously intended to be Hitler, Mussolini, and Chamberlain. In this last case brother Austen seems to have been indicated and Mr. Ernest Thesiger, as Sir Orpheus Midlander (Midlander equals Birmingham. See?) is moustache-less, umbrella-less, and monocled.

Shaw did this, it should be remembered, long before anyone would have conceived the Munich meeting possible. At other points he is, justifiably, wise after the event, and at a few more points perhaps not quite so wise. There is no reason why an internationally political revue such as *Geneva* should not be twisted about and touched up from time to time to suit passing events; and this being so there is only one reason why it should not go on indefinitely, gathering fresh material in its progress. That reason is the extremely simple one that it is not, on the whole, of sufficiently high standard. Although I venture to consider this, as I wrote before, by far the best of the later Shaw efforts, it is good only in parts. And the question is, as the late Sir Squire Bancroft said of another actor's Macbeth, "Are those parts which are good, *good enough*?"

Perhaps not quite. The interpolations of the British Foreign Minister are first-rate as far as they go; but as an estimate of the British political mind they are superficial, though amusingly so. The posturing and egotism of "Bombardone" (i.e., the Duce) are good farce with some sound common sense behind it. Mr. Cecil Trouncer again admirable. The Cockney typist from Camberwell was always good fun, and she is better fun than ever now that Miss Alison Leggatt plays the part (and does not overdo it).

As against this there are the boring melodramatics and rantings of the mysterious Spanish lady in black—a part it would have been an immense improvement to have deleted altogether—the episode of the fainting bishop, which just isn't funny, brilliantly though Mr. H. R. Hignett plays him, and the general triviality of the play as a play, trivial in the sense that such plot as there is is too weak to carry that weighty superstructure of political chatter, even witty political chatter, as frequently it is.

The character of Battler (Hitler) is still undetermined, though Mr. Walter Hudd makes it more decisive than it seemed before. His Italian counterpart has all the thunder, and if Hitler-Lohengrin weeping over the loss of his little dog is a huge joke, I fear it did not seem so to me. Mr. Shaw has retained the old ending of the world coming to an end for astronomical reasons. I am rather tired of plays about the earth hitting comets and so forth, but of all the many I have seen this has incomparably the best talk in it—and the most. *Geneva* is, on the whole, second-best Shaw. But second-best Shaw is well worth listening to, even if the process needs pluck and endurance.

IN LONDON NOW: Some brief extracts from recent reviews in THE SPHERE by Philip Page—**"ELISABETH OF AUSTRIA"—GARRICK:** "Miss Wanda Rotha, who plays the Empress, I would place high up on the long list of actresses sent us of late by, or from, Mittel-Europa." **"GOODNESS, HOW SAD"—VAUDEVILLE:** "That it would be as little appropriate to call *King Lear*, 'Splash Me, Girls!' as to continue to allow Mr. Robert Morley's new comedy at the Vaudeville to be labelled *Goodness, How Sad!* does not alter the fact that this is for the most part an amusing entertainment, with much more gladness than sadness about it." **"QUIET WEDDING" WYNDHAM'S:** "The lines do not sparkle with the wit of a Wilde or a Sheridan, but they move along neatly and naturally. The author's chief asset is that she is never a bore, and I may well leave it at that."

A SPOT OF BOTHER AT THE FRENCH CUSTOMS: The Millets are unlucky, finding officialdom in far from acquiescent mood

BIRTH OF AN IDEA: The Millets catch sight of Colonel and Mrs. Sheepshanks, Anglo-Indians of the deepest dye, and Mr. Millet has the notion that it might be a good plan to disguise themselves by adopting the Sheepshanks manner. Mrs. Millet has her doubts, however, but her husband eventually wins her over

THE POONA TOUCH: Here we see Jack and Cicely dressed up as Anglo-Indians. It is burlesque at its best and one of the big moments of the show which has been received with great enthusiasm

NEGLEY FARSON WRITES A NOVEL: The Story of a Journalist's Attempt to Forget Europe and Three Women

THE hero of Mr. Negley Farson's new novel is beautiful, unpredictable, moody and remote, with a charm that appeals as much to men as to women, and keeps their allegiance and their loyalty for year after year. The hero, or should it be the heroine, is a lake, a lonely, forest-girt lake in British Columbia, and the handful of people who live on its shores, fishing and trapping and drinking to pass their lives away are the other protagonists of STORY OF A LAKE (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.).

The runner-up, as it were, for the story's honours is Tony Lynd, a newspaperman with a wide experience of Russia in the revolution and Europe since the peace conference. In him, from time to time, there are faint echoes of the robust life of *The Way of a Transgressor*, but there the resemblance ends, for this book is—and we have its wrapper to prove it—not autobiographical but a novel, pure and simple.

It is an interesting novel at that. Mr. Farson has been a newspaperman too long himself not to know the pitfalls of digression, and the story moves along as spankingly as one of his own sailing boats in a stiff breeze.

The reader first meets Tony Lynd when he is recovering from a drinking bout, and consequently at his least prepossessing. He has come to the cabin on the solitary lake shore to forget Europe, and to forget, since he is no ordinary man, three women. In the intervals of the fishing and shooting necessary for his larder he takes refuge in whisky and the mental and physical oblivion that it brings with increasing rapidity.

After that first short chapter in which the foibles of the other lake dwellers—most of them exiles or disappointed men—are exposed, the story moves back in time for a few years and takes up Tony Lynd's life in India and his meeting with the little love of his Russian days, now married to an English army officer.

They travel back to Europe on the same ship, and in France Tony meets his wife, a cool and charming woman who has come to learn tolerance but not indifference. She is, in fact, a woman in a thousand, but, although Lynd realises this, his life demands more excitement than this gentle, sensible creature can give him, and after a few unsatisfactory love passages with the Russian Luba, he drifts into an affair with an English girl, an ex-member of that Bright Young Things set who were to the '20's what hansom cabs were to the '90's. She drinks, and likes it. She is unfaithful to him, and boasts about it. She is insensitive and has a rasping voice, but she is beautiful and he loves her.

Finally she becomes too much even for his devotion and he escapes to America, only to be met with a cable announcing the death of his wife. At the same time he loses his current newspaper job and makes for British Columbia and the solace and loneliness of the lake.

The last chapters show him in his fastness there, but discovered by his indefatigable English girl friend whom, with admirable common sense, he sends packing back to England. The book ends on a note of desolation, but a desolation in which there is some hope, since whatever Lynd has lost he still retains his command of a situation and the solitude which has become his necessity.

Since this is a novel by Mr. Farson, it is not surprising that one of its greatest strengths is the colour and reality which he gives to its topical scene. For his paper Tony Lynd covers a Geneva conference, an Indiana steel strike, and Berlin—a jump ahead of the final Nazi *putsch*. However involved his sentimental life might become, Lynd's dispatches remain concise and comprehensive, and journalism his one steady constancy.

"He had found foreign journalism an exhilarating and not particularly difficult profession," writes Mr. Farson of his second hero. "Nothing like the exact knowledge was required as for his early engineering training . . . and while he was amused at the highbrow attitude of the intellectuals among his colleagues, profoundly discharging their typewriters at foreign governments, he considered that anyone with an ability to write concise English could do their stuff."

Which may not prove that his Mr. Lynd was a great reporter, but shows Mr. Farson himself as a very acute observer.

SELMA LAGERLOF IS EIGHTY: A recent portrait of the great Swedish woman novelist who was showered with congratulations when she celebrated her birthday on November 20. She first became known by the publication of a collection of short stories under the title of *Gosta Berling*, and acquired lasting fame by her novel *Jerusalem* which appeared in 1901. Eight years later Madame Lagerlof was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature and in 1914 was elected a member of the Swedish Academy, being the first woman so honoured. Her style alone places her high among Swedish writers of all time, but her claim to a larger recognition lies in her broad outlook and beautiful presentation of simple life and character

THE WORLD OF BOOKS: By Vernon Fane

Lieut.-Commander Bernacchi has the distinction of having been on two of the most famous of Antarctic discovery cruises, the first in 1898, the second in the *Discovery* on Captain Scott's first voyage in 1901.

SAGA OF THE "DISCOVERY" (Blackie. 10s. 6d.) is his own account of the history of that gallant little ship—her tonnage was only 485—during her long life up to the present day when she has found a haven in the Thames, and is in the capable and, I imagine, respectful hands of the Scouts.

The *Discovery* was built for her very specialised work in 1900, although she was far from being the ideal ship and was to prove very dangerous off a lee shore with a gale blowing, as Commander Bernacchi remarks reminiscently. After her first great adventure she lay idle in dock for some months and then was acquired by the Hudson Bay Company, and from 1905 carried cargoes of furs between there and London for six more years.

For the following three years she was neglected, but with the world war was put into commission once again, and in 1915 sailed for Russia with munitions. In 1916 she was chartered to the French Ministry of Commerce and later was placed at the disposal of our Admiralty, who sent her south in the same year to attempt a rescue of Shackleton's *Endurance* crew.

The *Discovery's* next assignment was to France as a coastal grain steamer till 1920 when she was once more docked. In 1923 she was bought by the Crown Agents for the Colonies and the next two years were spent in reconditioning her and fitting her with wireless and a new biological laboratory. As a whale research ship, at a time when there was a danger of that species becoming extinct, she sailed for Antarctica, and a few years later was there again under Sir Douglas Mawson's ægis for two seasons, again acting as a base for valuable research work.

Naturally the chapters that deal with Scott's expeditions are particularly exciting, even moving to read, since they are from the pen of one who knew him well, but the author's own observations on the polar life, its weather, its animals and its constant dangers make this much more than the book of a man who "once saw Shelley plain."

Why there should be anything romantic about smugglers I have no idea, but they are traditionally creatures of mystery and derring-do and not even their modern equivalents, the shabby drug traffickers or the fat women trying to get new hats past the Customs officials at Dover, can dim their past reputation as men of courage, resource and cruelty.

Mr. J. Jefferson Farjeon, who has been into their history with some thoroughness, has even produced a *vade mecum* of this notorious art which, he maintains, is far from being lost. THE COMPLEAT SMUGGLER (Harrap. 10s. 6d.) begins with the story of the first organised smugglers, the "owlers" of Romney Marsh who, for more than 500 years, smuggled wool out of England to avoid export taxes.

An old proclamation refers to these men as ". . . a sort of leud people called smuckellors," and warns people against them, but as a rule they had friends in high places and it was not always that arrest ended in conviction.

Once goods had been smuggled safely into the country, the next problem was to know where they could be hidden, and it was here that the smugglers were apt to show their greatest ingenuity. The old priest holes, out of use since the days of Queen Elizabeth, were ideal places for concealment, and so were caves that could only be reached by boat or rope ladders.

In many parts of the country vestries and even churches themselves were put to a strange use—as storehouses for barrels of brandy, and there is a story of a parson announcing that he would be unable to hold any services on the following Sabbath as the church would be needed for the storage of French goods!

ROYAL BIOGRAPHER CALIFORNIA-BOUND: Hector Bolitho pictured as he left London for Hollywood where he is to lecture. His life of Edward VIII., which was published last year, brought him wide publicity though it perhaps reflected little liberality of thought

BOOKS RECEIVED

COUNTRY LIFE LTD.—SCENES FROM FAMILY LIFE. By Mary Rhys. 7s. 6d. PETER DAVIES.—CRUISING YARNS FROM THE Y.M. Edited by Maurice Griffiths. A.I.N.A. 8s. 6d. DUCKWORTH.—GREEN FOR A SEASON. By Derrick Leon. 8s. 6d. VILLA VICTORIA. By Frances Harris. 8s. 6d. ENGLISH UNIVERSITIES PRESS.—TEACH YOURSELF TO THINK. By R. W. Jepson. 2s. EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE.—THE CHISLEHURST MYSTERY. By E. L. Mann. 7s. 6d. FABER & FABER.—I AM CANUTE. By Patty Williams. 8s. 6d. SPECKLED NOMADS: A Tale of Trout in Two Rivers. By H. E. Towner Coston. 10s. 6d. GIFFORD.—RICH POVERTY. By Desmond Swinnard. 7s. 6d. GOLLANCZ.—JOURNEY TO MANAOS. By Earl Parker Hanson. 12s. 6d. THRICE A STRANGER. By Vera Brittain. 10s. 6d. JANE AUSTEN. By Elizabeth Jenkins. 15s. COMES A STRANGER. By E. R. Punshon. 7s. 6d. BREAD. By Alexei Tolstoi. 8s. 6d. ROBERT HALE.—THINK FAST, MR. MOTO. By John P. Marquand. 7s. 6d. RUSSIA'S WORK IN FRANCE. By Reginald J. Dingle. 12s. 6d. HAMISH HAMILTON.—A DAY OF BATTLE. By Vincent Sheean. 7s. 6d. NOODLE. By Munro Leaf. 3s. 6d. BABETTE. By Clare Turlay Newberry. 4s. 6d. HARRAP.—THE UNIVERSAL PROVIDER. By Richard S. Lambert. 10s. 6d. HASTE, POST, HASTE. By George Walker. 10s. 6d. HEINEMANN.—THE NEGROES BEGIN AT CALAIS. By Frederick Howard. 7s. 6d. MAN'S COURAGE. By Joseph Vogel. 7s. 6d. THE WILD GEESE. By Bridget Boland. 7s. 6d. DEATH IN FIVE BOXES. By Carter Dickson. 7s. 6d. THE PEOPLE'S FOOD. By Sir William Crawford and H. Broadley. 12s. 6d. HODDER & STOUGHTON.—BLANK ON THE MAP. By Eric Shipton. Illustrated. 18s. HURST & BLACKETT.—KHYBER CALLING. By "Rajput." 7s. 6d. HUTCHINSON.—ROYAL REGIMENT. By Gilbert Frankau. 8s. 6d. INTERNATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY.—EMPERY OF TRUST AND ALLIANCE. By Rowland Wormell. 10s. 6d.

In addition to the books reviewed above by Vernon Fane, the Editor also draws the attention of readers to the following new publications which pressure on space prevents from being treated fully:—

Brave New China, by Lady Hosie (*Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.*): A cross-section of life in the war-torn republic, sketching the character of the people who have been putting up such a magnificent stand against invaders of superior equipment.

Our Own Times, by Stephen King-Hall (*Nicholson and Watson. 12s. 6d.*): The author, an acknowledged expert on world-affairs, reviews the years 1913–1938, telling of the dramatic events that have clouded the world's horizon. The volume is one of 1,150 pages and is admirably indexed for purposes of quick reference.

Trio, by Osbert, Edith, and Sacheverell Sitwell (*Macmillan. 7s. 6d.*): A scintillating book of essays by three distinguished members of the same family. Edith Sitwell writes on modern poetry.

Great Contemporaries, by Winston Churchill (*Thornton Butterworth. 10s. 6d.*): This is a revised edition of a book which proved extremely popular when published last autumn. Four additional biographies are added, Roosevelt, Fisher, Baden-Powell, and Parnell having been included.

The Jacobean Age, by David Mathew (*Longmans, Green. 15s.*): A detailed picture of English life in the first quarter of the seventeenth century.

Perfidious Albion—Entente Cordiale, by Genevieve Tabouis (*Thornton Butterworth. 12s. 6d.*): France's leading political writer here traces the story of Anglo-French relations from 1066 to the present day, and compares the character of the two peoples, urging at the same time that, despite the divergences that exist, the entente must at all costs be preserved.

The Arab Awakening, by George Antonius (*Hamish Hamilton. 15s.*): An exhaustive survey of the Arab national movement. The book is of much value in the light it sheds on present affairs in Palestine.

Scots enjoying a real Scotch

A young MacAlpine and an old MacIntyre—typical Scots if ever there were any—are unanimous when it comes to whisky. An offshoot of the MacDonalds of the Isles, the MacIntyres wear the clan badge of heath, while their tartan is a simplification of that of MacDonald of Clanranald, to whom one family of the MacIntyres were hereditary pipers. The MacAlpines, equally proud of their ancestry, boast of their antiquity in the ancient Gælic saying "hills and streams and MacAlpines" the inference being that the origins of all three are to be sought in the very dawn of history.

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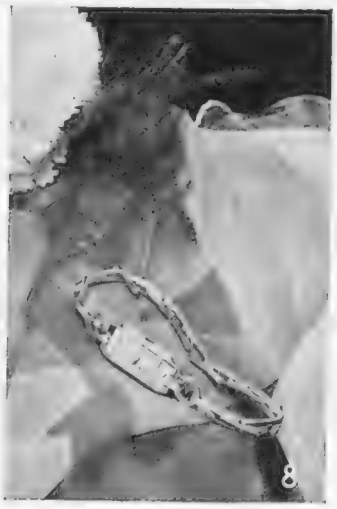
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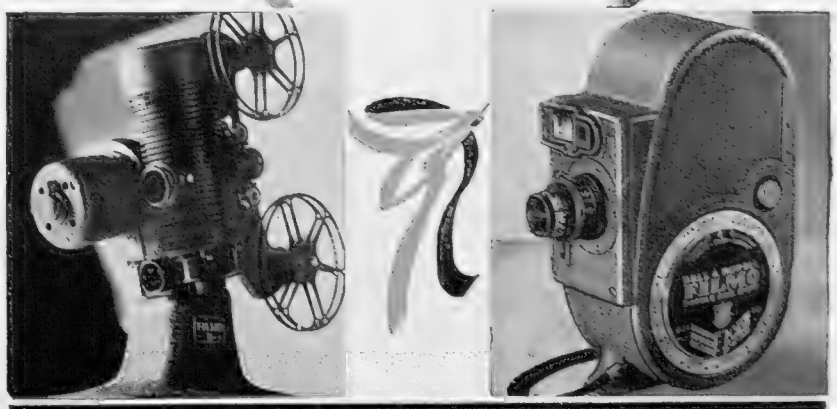

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NOTES FROM NEAR AND FAR: The Rising Cost of Living in France and its Relation to the Franc : Attractions in Italy

MANY travellers on the way to the Mediterranean Rivieras during the next few months spend a little time in Paris, and, of course, the French capital is visited by many others who have no intention of going farther. I wonder how many of them will think of going to see what to me is one of the most interesting buildings in the neighbourhood—the old chateau of Vincennes. My first visit was some years ago when the French Colonial Exhibition was held at Vincennes, and the magnitude of the place was a surprise. It is completely surrounded by a moat and high walls. The church inside the walls is a particularly fine Gothic specimen.

Some famous people have been associated with the chateau for good or ill and its particular interest for us is that Henry V lived there with Queen Katharine, who was French. On the grimmer side is the record of more than 1,200 inscriptions traced on the walls by prisoners.

Parisians are criticised for not going there more. If it comes to that, how many Londoners go to the Tower? I have never noticed any dearth of visitors at Vincennes, but perhaps they were not Parisians. It is easily accessible and you might have a look at the Bois de Vincennes while you are in that direction.

By the way, the idea that the cost of living in France has risen so much that it has wiped out the advantage of the cheap franc to the traveller from this country is a mistaken one. For instance, in de luxe hotels on the Riviera the fixed price lunch of 40 francs is between 4s. and 5s. In Paris the advantage is very marked in the places of amusement, the best seats at some of the famous theatres being 8s. or less.

PEASANT DANCERS OF MEGARA giving a performance in traditional costume at the Athenian stadium. See note below with regard to Greece

THE SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

Italian Exhibitions.—Two important exhibitions are being arranged for the spring, at Florence and Milan, two cities which not only figure in all the regular Italian tours but draw the independent traveller whose quest is art.

The exhibition at Florence will represent the many activities of the Medici family, from Cosimo the Old to Cosimo the first Grand Duke. Material is being collected from public and private collections and it will be brought together in the ideal setting of the Medici Palace where the family lived. The famous Medici Chapel, not far from the Palace, comes into the scheme of the exhibition, which has the blessing and assistance of the government departments interested in its various aspects. I understand there will be special arrangements for visiting the places near Florence where the Medici treasures of art have been preserved.

Milan's scheme is the Leonardo da Vinci Exhibition and preparations have been going on for a long time. A thorough search has been made for all the documents, pictures, sculptures and drawings of the artist which have been disseminated all over the world. The work of co-ordination and the making and reconstruction of machinery, instruments and plastics is now in progress. The exhibition will be ready by April. Pilgrimages to Vinci, the birthplace of Leonardo, will be arranged.

Greece.—Greece is one of the magnetic lands, like Rome and Egypt, steeped in history, sacred in mythology and rich archæological legacy. There are some people who have little interest in all that, but Greece has something more—natural charm, delightful climate, and a lot of sunshine.

Athens to-day jealously guards the relics of former glories, but is also a modern city of life and gaiety. From it there are good roads to all the places of interest. Of its summer resorts I can mention only a few—Kephissia, about 9 miles out at the foot of Mount Pentelicon, Old Phaleron, seaside suburb on the Saronia Gulf, and a few miles farther along the same coast, Glyphada, picturesquely set amid pine trees. Farther off are the beeches of the Peloponnesus, and those of Salonica, Cavalla, and Alexandroupolis.

Salonica, indeed, might well be made the centre for your excursions for a time. The new city which has arisen after the great fire of 1917 presents a magnificent amphitheatre. Mighty Olympus is less than 60 miles away.

Corfu, the enchanted isle of the Ionian Sea; Spetsae, in the Gulf of Argolis, six hours' steamer run from the Piraeus; Tenos and Myconos, in the Cyclades, are just a few of the superb island spots; and in Crete, the largest of the islands, you may see relics of a civilisation older than that of Greece.

Beverley Brooke

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

The following is a selection from recent replies sent to readers who have addressed queries to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau. Every letter is answered individually, and we publish these particular examples as being of interest to prospective travellers generally.

Tangier.—There are a number of good hotels with modern comforts at this resort which is well organised to meet the requirements of foreign visitors. If you prefer to go to Tunis, the most convenient travel is by Air-France direct, but there are steamer sailings from Marseilles and Genoa. As Tunis is a French possession you get the advantage of the rate of exchange.

Tahiti—There is no direct regular service from this country. From Marseilles steamers go through the Panama Canal to New Caledonia and the first call in the Pacific is Papeete, the capital of Tahiti, the principal island of the group generally referred to as the Society Islands. The voyage usually takes from four and a half to five weeks. The next sailing is on December 12. The islands have been a French possession for half a century.

Rome.—If you would like to stay at an hotel with room and breakfast only and have your meals out we can recommend the Bologna Hotel, Via S. Chiara 5. A single room would cost you 12 lire to 21 lire per day, plus 4 lire for breakfast. Simple but comfortable *pensions* are the Washington on the Corso d'Italia, where the terms for room and *pension* are 32 lire to 45 lire per day, and the Americano (via Firenze 38), which charges 27 lire to 37 lire per day.

INFORMATION, Advice and free descriptive literature from the Swiss Federal Railways and State Travel Bureau—Mailing Dept. 9—Carlton House, Lower Regent Street, London, S.W.1. (WHitehall 9851), Railway Continental Enquiry Offices, and Travel Agents.

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Everything favours a winter sports holiday in Switzerland this year. Your £ buys around 21 francs — no currency restrictions whatsoever. Instruction can be had inexpensively at the Official Swiss Ski Schools which are to be found at all centres. Hotels to suit every pocket and offering at very reasonable rates the finest value in comfort, service and "Gemuetlichkeit," await you. Hurry with your plans. Find out about reduced fares, the direct rail and air services, the comfortable motor coach connections of the Swiss Post Office, the concessions to motorists, and the many other advantages Switzerland offers.

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SUMMER 1939 — See the Swiss National Exhibition at Zürich, May to October.

Winter Season 1938/39 - *Some Outstanding Dates*

Dec. 21st. - International Sporting Club Opening Gala. ★ Dec. 23rd. - Recital by Vladimir Horowitz. ★ Dec. 28th & 30th. - Gala Concerts directed by Erich Kleiber. ★ Jan. 4th & 6th. - Recitals by Arthur Schnabel. ★ Jan. 5th. - Golf-International Sporting Club Challenge Cup. ★ Jan. 11th. - Classical Concert with Jacques Thibaud. ★ Jan. 17th. - Golf - Leon Garibaldi Challenge Cup. ★ Jan. 21st-31st. - Opera - Wagner's Ring by the Bayreuth Company under Franz von Hoesslin. ★ Jan. 21st-25th. - 18th Motor Rally.

✡

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A STATE SUBSIDY FOR BRITISH MOTOR RACING

With Government Aid Britain Could Conquer All Comers

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.
(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

MAJOR GARDNER'S recent record with his M.G. light car has completely astounded not only those who take an interest in motoring but also everyone who is accustomed to witness or to assist record breakers during attempts in this country. It must be remembered that the engine of this M.G. has a capacity less than 1,100 cc., and that this power unit was responsible for driving the car in one direction at the colossal speed of 194·52 m.p.h.

People who have been to Donington and seen the German driving aces hurtle round the course on their 3-litre cars this year and their 5-litre cars last year have, I am afraid, rather gone away with the idea that no one can extract so much speed from an engine as the Germans and, as a result, Britishers have been inclined to look upon themselves as back numbers. Gardner's record must surely, therefore, be a very potent tonic for them and the British motor trade. I should say that to extract sufficient power from a 1,100 cc. engine to give the car the speed which has been recorded is infinitely more praiseworthy than what has been done by the Germans with engines three times the size.

Quite a little agitation is now being engineered to persuade the British motor trade, or, better still, the British Government, to subsidise some firm or group of firms with the object of building a team of Grand Prix motor cars. Now is the time for this agitation to make itself heard, for Major Gardner's records prove, without a shadow of doubt, that we have the designers and the engineers for the job, and the fact that the Germans themselves include Richard Seaman, an Englishman, in their driving personnel shows that we have men whose driving skill is quite equal to the task of piloting a modern Grand Prix racing car.

Many people tell us, and it is very difficult to contradict them, that many firms who participated in serious motor racing in the past were not financially successful. True as that may be, the whole matter is not just a question of the success or failure of a particular car factory. The Germans have undoubtedly built up a reputation for their motor car trade and even for the German nation itself through their continuous success in Grand Prix racing. Even if the finances of the Mercedes-Benz and Auto-Union firms were in a shaky condition as the result of their participation in serious motor racing this would not outweigh the advantages which have been derived by the whole of the German motor trade and German nation.

In order that Britain might successfully join in the International contests the money required would not have to be counted in millions but in thousands. Personally, I doubt whether our own Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders or the Government will ever take advantage of the opportunity which now presents itself, for neither appears to have any proper appreciation of the value of publicity. Strange to relate, the Government at any rate appear to realise that records in the air are worth while, yet the laurels to be gained in the motor-car racing world are just as valuable.

THE ROVER FOURTEEN SALOON: This is an entirely new Fourteen, designed on the lines of the larger 6-cylinder models. Rover cars are among the few that still have provision for a reserve petrol supply

The other day I had the great pleasure of receiving a visit from the managing director of one of the largest firms which manufacture motor cycles in Germany, and through the courtesy of Messrs. Thomson and Taylor (Brooklands), Ltd., I was able to show him the Railton car on which John Cobb travelled at a speed of 350 m.p.h. His expression when he saw the chassis of the car was interesting, and when he was talking to G. H. K. Taylor he remarked that if Mr. Taylor built such a car in Germany he would have to build two. At first Mr. Taylor seemed to think this remark was not too complimentary, as he concluded that the second car would only be necessary because the first would have been a failure, but my German friend, seeing that he was misunderstood, explained that the chassis was such a wonderful masterpiece of engineering that it would have had to tour Germany for exhibition purposes, and that there would have been no time for it to have been taken out to Utah for record purposes.

Quite spontaneously this German manufacturer stated that in Germany they could never have produced such an astounding chassis, and he further stated that what he admired more than anything else was the finish and the quality of the materials used in the car's construction. I had the greatest difficulty in tearing him away to have lunch, for he said that he would like to stay all day and sleep all night beside that car for three weeks.

He told me he was fortunate enough to be driving to Frankfurt along the autobahn on which Major Gardner set up his records at the particular moment when the attempt was being made, and knowing Major Gardner he stopped his car and congratulated him.

During our conversation at lunch he told me one or two interesting facts about motoring conditions in Germany. I made a remark to him that if we ever built special roads for motors in this country I was quite certain that the British surveyors responsible would succeed in introducing bends even if these were not necessary. He then told me that the latest autobahnen in Germany were now being built with curves in them because drivers found that speeding along in a straight line for miles on end almost drove them dotty and so bends were being introduced to relieve the monotony.

I then asked him if Germany had a large number of cyclists and he told me that he thought they had, probably even a greater proportion to their population than we have in this country, the principal reason being that the average price of a bicycle in his country was about half the amount which one costs over here. He

(Continued on page 406)

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THE PETROL WORLD

(Continued from page 404)

told me that cyclists were not registered, as they are in Belgium, but that they were controlled more by regulations than were our cyclists. I then asked him how they overcame the difficulty of a cyclist who gave a wrong name and address when he committed an offence, and I was told that names and addresses did not matter because if a cyclist, for instance, did not ride on the special cycle path provided for him a policeman would stop him and let out all the air from his tyres. That, he said, was quite an effective punishment.

He added that cyclists were not permitted to ride even two abreast on roads which were used by motorists. At the same time he went on to say that the authorities in Germany were just as concerned as our Government here with the number of road casualties that occurred.

Recently I referred to the road authorities having placed many pedestrian islands on a certain stretch of the Guildford by-pass, and now to my amazement I find that they are doing the same thing on a portion of the old Portsmouth road just before entering Guildford on the London side. The road is notoriously narrow for a main highway, and passing, in consequence, is difficult. With these new islands in position, passing is now rendered well-nigh impossible.

Anything which tends to make all drivers impatient creates a risk of danger. It may be said that drivers should be able to control themselves and not wish to fly ahead just because they get held up momentarily. Still, few things are more aggravating than having to drive in a queue headed by a horse and cart for a considerable distance. Human nature being what it is, attempts are made to push ahead, and with these islands in position such a manœuvre is fraught with considerable danger.

The complete regulations for the Eighteenth Monte Carlo Rally have now been issued. Perhaps the most startling innovation this year is the barring of all open cars. In other words, it is open only to standard productions having saloon, sedan, cabriolet, or all-weather bodies and, of course, the chassis must be strictly standard. The all-weather body must be fitted with proper windows which, of course, rules out ordinary side curtains. The regulations also state that retractable or removable wind-frames are permitted.

In last year's rally there was a spot of bother between a competitor and the organising club. The competitor stated that he had driven his car over a certain line in one of the eliminating tests and the club said he had not. The difference of opinion led to protests and appeals, and so it is interesting to note that the eliminating test which corresponds to the one which caused trouble last year, has been simplified and is now arranged so that no argument as to whether a competitor crossed a line or not is likely to occur.

The test consists in driving a car down a straight course until the front wheels cross over a metal strip laid across the road. The car then has to reverse so that the front wheels recross the metal strip and then the car moves forward in its original direction. The metal strip is an electrical contact and so the passage of the wheels across it will be recorded electrically.

HERO WORSHIP: Schoolboys thronging round Captain Eyston who willingly signed autographs for them at the recent Shell-Mex and B.P. Exhibition, Chamber of Commerce, Birmingham

THE CRADLE OF SPEED

(Continued from page 391)

boys have been enrolled, and when a further £500 is reached, there will be room for 100 boys. And this scheme, which deserves far wider publicity, is available at many other aerodromes.

Finance has not always been easy. This story, which Captain Duncan Davis recalled, deserves to be put on paper for the first time. It was in the early days of the club. Wages were in arrears; the telephone might be cut off; they were at their wits' end.

An elderly man arrived one day and said, "I want to learn to fly right now—to-day."

He was given goggles, a flying helmet, gloves and a flying coat. He insisted on flying over London "to see how it looked," *and on looping the loop every five minutes*. The astonished instructor carried out his orders. Then when over South London, he found that his eccentric pupil had thrown off goggles, helmet and gloves and was preparing to throw his coat over the side. He raced back to Brooklands and landed as quickly as possible. The passenger was delighted and then paid a healthy lump sum for his instruction. As he was a distinguished diplomat, he was accepted.

Astonishing adventures followed. He was so wild in the air that they sawed the joy-stick in two and joined it with rubber flex to counteract his violent movements.

He asked what aeroplane he should buy, and when they told him, purchased one for spot cash at a multiple store instead of at the aerodrome, as they had hoped. But he sent it to Brooklands to be reassembled. He flew in it once, with a pilot, and then disappeared for a month.

Solicitors a month later told them they had a client who had had "a nervous breakdown." It was the eccentric pupil. The club was offered his aeroplane at a price they could not refuse. There was a frantic race to borrow the money from every friend or relation any of the club officials could approach. The last pound was raised, the cheque sent off, and two days later the aeroplane was sold at a profit of £250.

"And since then," Captain Duncan Davis told me, "we have never looked back. Our luck changed with the curious pupil."

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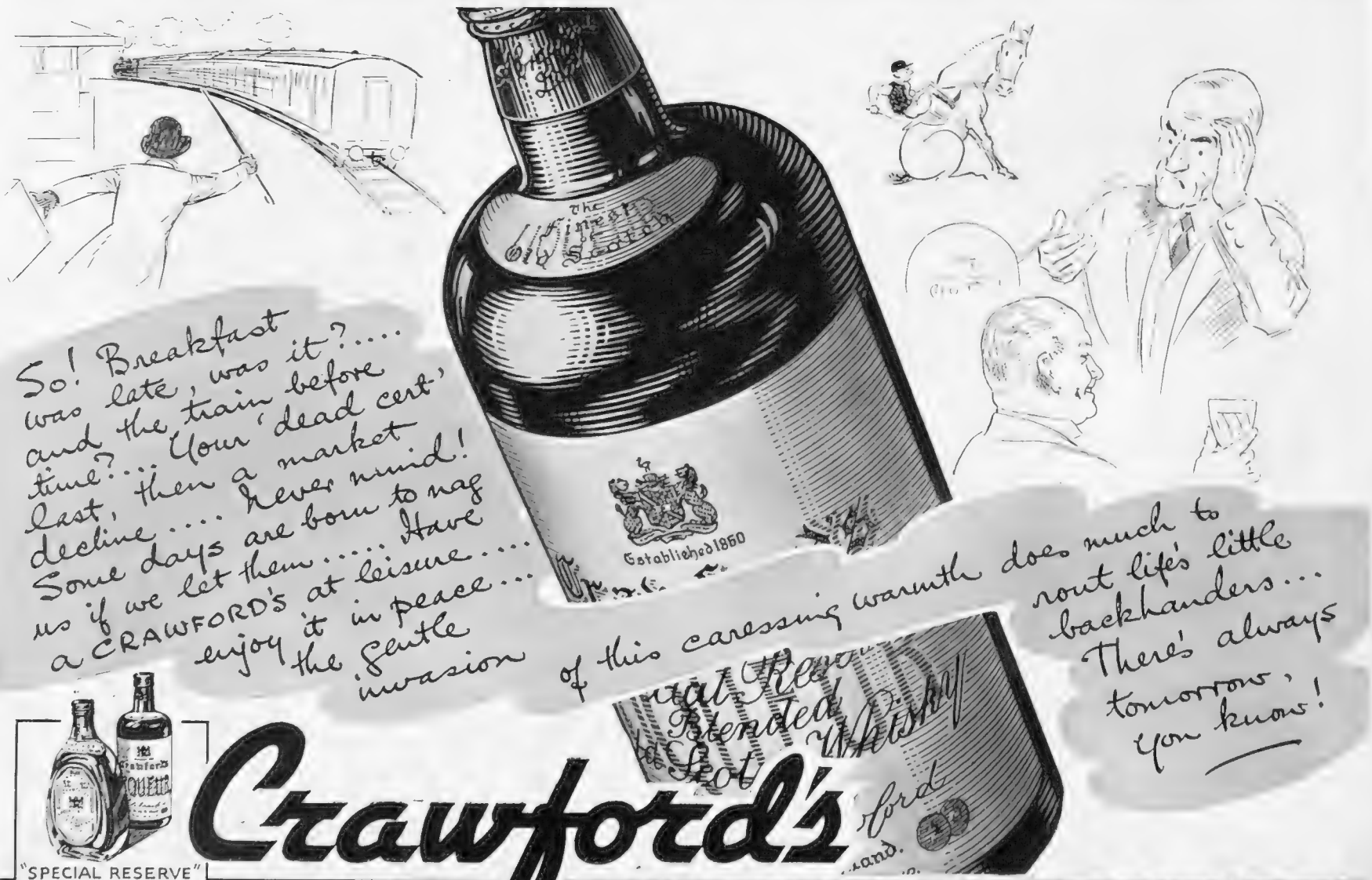

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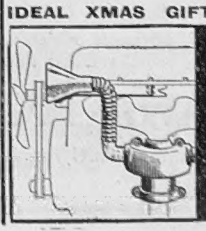

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A cuisine far removed from the ordinary.

All under the personal direction of Mr. S. Tschumy, born and trained in Switzerland.

HEADLAND HOTEL, TORQUAY

A very first-class unlicensed hotel run in connection with the Grand, where every facility for recreation is free. Telephone : Torquay 2161.

In Quest of

What the Big Hotels are Plann
Group Prepares An Elabor

AS we get nearer and nearer to Christmas I am becoming more and more deluged with Christmas programmes from all my friends in the hotel world—and a cheerful-looking lot they are (the programmes, I mean!). From all over the country they come, and so we will start with one which is far from London, on the smiling west coast of Lancashire—glorious Blackpool and the Hotel Metropole.

I have noticed that people who have not been to Blackpool are very ready to turn up their noses at it. After a recent visit, I shall never do that, for Blackpool may not be everybody's cup of tea, but it is a magnificent place for those who want masses of healthy fun in a place which possesses not only ample facilities for fun but also some of the most glorious air in England.

The Metropole is one of the well-known Empire group of hotels, and its Christmas programme, continuing from Friday, December 23, until Monday, January 2, is well worthy of it. There is something here for everybody—orchestras, dancing, games, carol singing, fancy dress, and at 11.45 p.m. on New Year's Eve a Grand Assembly to welcome in 1939. The terms are from 1 guinea a day to something less than 30s. a day, and anybody who has experienced Blackpool or any of the Empire Hotels will vote this an excellent bargain.

From Blackpool we can come south with a jump, for I must not miss telling you of at least one other of the Empire Hotels–that very delightful spot, Bushey Hall, near Watford, standing apparently in the heart of the country within about half an hour of Piccadilly Circus. Here the Christmas programme goes from Christmas Eve to January 4, and again it is a very complete programme, with the additional pleasure of golf on the Bushey Hall course. There are two meetings during the holiday season, both open to visitors, one on Christmas Eve and one on Boxing Day.

The terms here are from 25s. to 30s. a day, and I notice at the bottom of their programme a sentence which bodes well for the gaiety of everybody concerned—"Any special games or competitions suggested by visitors will be welcomed." It is, after all, you or your fellow guests who make the party go on these occasions, and that remark suggests to me a pleasant informality which will make Christmas at Bushey Hall a very festive holiday.

I expect that as usual large numbers of people will come from the country

There's no other place quite like it.

There's nowhere else where newcomers are so immediately at home. Oatlands has its own 60 acre park with 18-hole golf course, tennis, badminton and squash courts and dancing every Saturday. All inclusive—at from 5 guineas weekly. Write the Manager: OATLANDS PARK HOTEL, WEYBRIDGE, SURREY. Telephone : Weybridge 1190.

OATLANDS PARK HOTEL

WICKHAM COURT HOTEL

WEST WICKHAM, KENT

'Phone : Springpark 2000
Half an hour from City and West End.

REDUCED WINTER TERMS
No alteration in standard.

Illustrated brochure free on request.

An unique and historical Tudor Mansion (once the home of Anne Boleyn) with original panelling, fireplaces, etc., in its own magnificent grounds, restored and converted into the most modern of hotels. Hot and cold running water, telephone and radiator in every room. Many rooms and marvellous suites with private bath.

Tennis, Squash Rackets, Billiards, Dances. car service to station—all free.

FREE FACILITIES FOR GOLF on PRIVATE 18-HOLE GOLF COURSE (6,361 yds.).

Under the same management as The Selsdon Park Hotel, Sanderstead, Surrey.

CANFORD CLIFFS HOTEL

An hotel of charm for a winter of content. A bedroom or suite with a peaceful view and every luxury (and a private bathroom if you wish). The quiet dignity of the lounges, the cuisine and the cellar . . . all bespeak quality.

Parkstone Golf Course is adjacent: five others close by. The entertainments of Bournemouth comfortably within reach, but out of hearing. Canford Cliffs is the resort for winter. Lift. Garage for 40 cars.

Write to S Whiston, Manager.
Tel. : Bournemouth 797/8

BOURNEMOUTH

Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

ing for Christmas: The Empire ate Programme for Its Patrons

and provincial cities to London. For, with all the delights which seaside and country have to offer, there is something inimitable and, in its own way, unsurpassable about Christmas and the New Year in the metropolis. Here we have a wide choice.

Many of the North Hotels, which, as my readers know, I cannot recommend too strongly, are offering Christmas programmes.

Onslow Court Hotel, in Queen's Gate, is one of the principal ones, and I must say that on seeing what has been planned at this hotel I am almost weakening in my resolution—made some weeks ago in a London fog—to spend Christmas by the sea.

The North Hotels can be relied upon to carry out their Christmas arrangements with the same quiet efficiency and the same consideration for the comfort—and the pockets—of their guests as they do on every other occasion. Incidentally, some of these hotels, together with many others in London, are providing no special Christmas programme apart from something rather exceptional in the way of Christmas dinner, on the grounds that many people prefer, in London, to find their own entertainment from London's wealth of choice.

While I speak of London, I must mention that very pleasant residential hotel on the north side of Hyde Park—Whiteness Hotel in Queen's Gardens. A remarkable standard of comfort is maintained here under the very close personal direction of its proprietor, Mr. Roy Snell, and if I know anything about Mr. Snell his Christmas party will be well worth a visit.

From Littlehampton in Sussex comes an attractive programme from the Beach Hotel. Here is a programme which is not over elaborate. There is plenty to do, but there is plenty of time in which to do what you like. Just as well, too, at Littlehampton, where the weather offers reasonable expectation, even in winter, of outdoor activity. And the information at the end of this programme telling prospective visitors that tennis, golf and riding are easily available, close at hand, is likely to be information not wasted.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

SOUTHPORT AT CHRISTMAS . . . The gayest place in England and, owing to the Gulf Stream, almost as warm as in summer. The shops, theatres and cinemas of Lord Street are a hive of cheerful festivity. Golf on one of Southport's famous seven courses. Your headquarters, of course, at

THE PRINCE OF WALES
SOUTHPORT'S LEADING HOTEL

The congregating point of Who's Who in the North. Christmas at The Prince will be a brilliant affair . . . and not too expensive. Write for full details to H. Gascoigne, Managing Director, and please book soon as accommodation is limited. Telephone: 4131.

ST. BRELADE'S BAY HOTEL JERSEY

A Winter holiday? Our flowers, our sunshine, our bathing and the comfort and amenities of our hotel should make St. Brelade's your choice. And for residence . . . the same equable climate, our sheltered situation, our wonderful outlook, our cooking . . . and our moderate terms make St. Brelade's the obvious headquarters for a delightful Winter. Fullest details with pleasure from the proprietor, A. Colley.

Telegrams: "Sheltered, Jersey."

— An hour and a half by plane from Heston —

SCOTLAND

EDINBURGH THE ALISON HOTEL
Melville Crescent

Equipped with modern conveniences which make for comfort and prompt service. Centrally situated.

Telephone 31295 *Telegrams: Melcrest, Edinburgh*

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

ENGLAND

Abingdon.—Crown and Thistle (Oxford, 6 miles)
Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Barton Mills (Nr. Bury St. Edmunds).—Bull Inn.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon).—Burgh Island Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.

ENGLAND—*continued*

Bognor.—"Dalbeattie." Tel. 1492.
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Tollard Royal Hotel.
Bray-on-Thames.—Hinds Head Hotel.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brighton (Saltdean).—Ocean Hotel.
Brighton.—Sixty Six Hotel. Tel. Hove 1637.
Brockenhurst.—Balmer Lawn Htl., New Forest.
Bromley.—Sundridge Park Hotel.

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS—*continued.*

ENGLAND—*continued*

Bude.—Grenville Hotel. Tel. 15.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Cheltenham.—Queen's Hotel.
Chipping Campden.—Cotswold House Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dorchester (Dorset).—Antelope Hotel. Tel. 1.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.)—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Exmouth.—Knappe Cross Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 2219.
Goring-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Hailsham (Sussex).—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Harrogate.—Prospect Hotel.**** Tel. 3015.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Littlehampton.—Southlands Hotel. Tel. 42.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lynton.—Lee Abbey Hotel.
Malvern.—County Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn. 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Mere (Wilts.).—Old Ship. Tel. 58.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 2211.
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Royal Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.
Ruan-High-Lanes (S. C'nwall).—Pendower Htl.
St. Mawes.—Pen-e-Glos. Telephone 209.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sidmouth.—Royal Glen Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Southport.—Prince of Wales Hotel.
Southport.—Royal Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The Arden Hotel.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Thorpeness.—Dolphin Hotel. Tel.: Aldeburgh 302
Torquay.—Palace Hotel. Tel. 2271.
Torquay.—Headland Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Torquay.—Vernon Court Hotel. Tel. 2676.
Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Weymouth.—Gloucester Hotel.
Weymouth.—Royal Hotel. Tels. 627 & 628.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Armathwaite Hall Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.

ISLE OF WIGHT

Shanklin.—Shanklin Towers.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Batt's Hotel, Dover Street.
Hans Crescent Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.1.
Hotel Washington, Curzon Street.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl. W.8. Wes. 8121
Leinster Court, Leinster Gardens, W.2.
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
Thackeray Hotel, opposite the British Museum.
The Goring Hotel, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1.

SCOTLAND

Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel. Tel. 31295.
Edinburgh.—Braid Hills Hotel. Tel. 54748/9.
Edinburgh.—New Carlton Hotel.
Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Glendevon.—Castle Hotel.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel

WALES

Abergele.—Kinmel Hall.
Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77.
Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llandrindod Wells.—Pump House Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Telegrams: Lonhotel, Anvers.

FRANCE.

Beaulieu-s-Mer.—Hotel Victoria.—100 rooms full south, large sunny garden, excellent cooking. Pension from 50 frs.

Cannes.—Hotel des Anglais.—Highest class quiet residential hotel in large park. "Going to Cannes means staying at the Anglais."

Cannes.—Hotel Grande Bretagne.—Sunny park, motor ser., casino, golf links, bridge rm. Pen. terms fm. 12/6 & 15/-, or 4 Gns. & £5 wkly.

Cannes.—Hotel Montfleury.—Large Park Manager: G. Tamme.

French Riviera.—Navirotel.—Le Trayas (Var) Near Cannes' golf. Take a cruise without leaving land. Ask for illustrated booklet with terms.

Monte-Carlo.—Hotel Prince de Galles.—Strictly first-class. Beautiful garden. Magnificent view. Moderate terms.

GERMANY.

Garmisch. Bavarian Winter Sport Centre.—**Golf Hotel, Sonnenbichl.**—Incomparably beautiful situation. 1st-cl. htl. Pens. from Mk. 9.50.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perfect hotel-building. Select home of international Society and Aristocracy.

Munich.—The new **Hotel Excelsior,** near the Hauptbahnhof. First-class, modern, and quietly placed. Rooms from RM. 3.50 onwards.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-cl. family hotel. 300 beds. Med. Bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pension from Mk. 9.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—World-rnd. Finest pos. opp. Park & Opera. Wiesbaden Spr'gs. Pat'd by best Brit. Soc. Pen. fr. 12 Mks.

MADEIRA.

Funchal.—Hotel Victoria.—Op. Csno. Bdrms. h. & c., very centl. Frm 10/6 incl. Under the supervsn of the proprs. Cables-Comfort, Funchal.

SWITZERLAND.

Davos-Platz.—Angleterre & Park Hotel.—Ldg. Engl. Htl. nr. Parsenn & Schatzalp Railwy. Nrly. evry rm. wh. loggia, gd. fd. & ser. New Man., H. Verdino.

Gstaad.—Bernerhof.—Typical Swiss Hotel in Bernese Oberland. Noted for food and comfort. Winter Sports. Topping band. Terms 13–17 frs.

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £4.0.0.

Lausanne (Ouchy).—Hotel Balmoral.—Quietest sit. Very comfortable. Excellent catering. Weekly terms, incl. tips, £3 5s. No taxes.

Lausanne.—Victoria.—Ideal Residence for autumn and winter. Quiet but convenient. Inclusive from 12/-.

Lenzerheide—(Grisons) 5,000 ft.—**The Schweizerhof.** Trad. Eng. House. Cen. of sports & soc. life. Season Dec.-March. F. Brenn, Man. prop.

Pontresina (Engadine).—The Kronenhof.—The traditional English house.

Pontresina (Engadin).—Schloss-Hotel.—Leading House. Headquarters of the visitors' Curling Clubs. Pension from Frs. 16.

St. Moritz.—Savoy Hotel.—1st cl. fam. hotel. quiet central position, lake view. Pen. S. frs. 16, Attached: Savoy Bar—Dancing, open all night.

Wengen.—Grand Hotel Belvedere.—1st class, every modern comfort, excellent cuisine, Bar, Orchestra. Pension terms from 14/-.

Wengen.—The Palace.—"The best of the best." Inclusive terms from Frs. 18. F. Borter, Propr.

An Hotel of Distinction—On the Promenade des Anglais—120 Rooms

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Near the Gardens and Casinos. Inclusive terms from £5.5.0 weekly (taxes and services included)

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